C283
Col. John L. Bridgers

The Christian Worker

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C. F. Clayton's Job Print, Tarboro, N. C.

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W. L. & J. E. SIMMONS,
Tarboro, N. C.

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SANTA CLAUS.

W. L. & J. E. SIMMONS

I AM NOT THE CHEAPEST NOR THE BIGGEST; BUT, SOMEHOW, I SELL JOB PRINTING TO PEOPLE THAT KNOW THE VALUE OF A DOLLAR ABOUT AS WELL AS ANYBODY

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Satisfaction in every particular or no pay.

The Christian Worker

As Workers Together With Him

Vol. 1 TARBORO, N. C., OCTOBER, 1912. No. 1

Think About This!

What is meant by election to salvation? Something like this—

The question to be voted on is, shall you be saved?

God voted "yes" from the beginning of the world.

Satan voted "no" the moment you were born.

The vote stands a tie, one and one.

At last you vote, yes or no, and the question is so decided.

✠

"Why don't you work?" said the lady to the ablebodied tramp.

"Madam, I am a happy medium. I am too heavy for light work, and too light for heavy work, and so I don't do any work."

Perhaps you too are a "happy medium"—too big for little service, and too little for big service—too big to teach a Sunday School class, and too little to die a martyr's death—and so you don't do anything.

✠

A good man had seven dollars, and he gave six of them to a poor man who hadn't any. Then the poor man picked his pocket of the remaining dollar.

God had seven days in a week, and He gave you six of them. Do you rob Him of the one He kept for Himself?

✠

You spend Sunday posting up your books?

Well, that is precisely the way God is going to spend Judgment Day—posting up His books. You certainly had better look out!

✠

All brutes walk on four legs, and not one of them can pray.

Man walks on two legs, and he alone can pray.

You never pray? What sort of creatures have you lined up with?

✠

Can you tell me the road to Heaven?

Just turn to the right, and then go straight ahead.

✠

There are cotton factories, whose raw material is useless lint, and whose finished product is cloth, good for the clothing of man.

There are saw mills, whose raw material is useless logs, and whose finished product is lumber, good for the shelter of man.

There are grist mills, whose raw material is corn, fit only for beasts to eat, and whose finished product is meal, good for the food of man.

And there is one other manufacturing industry among us too, whose raw material is the most precious thing on earth—strong, young, mother's sons—and whose finished product is the most pitiful, useless thing on earth—poor broken victims of drink.

Is there no way to close them down!

It is not enough to be good—you must be good for something.

"The man most man does most for man
Like God at Nazareth."

A Week's Work.

I wish I could make more frequent pastoral calls, but after I have seen the sick and sinful, and prepared the nine sermons I must preach every week, and written all the letters I must write, and attended to other necessary matters that arise from time to time, I simply have no time left. From 8:00 in the morning to 1:00 at night I have seldom a leisure minute, and yet I never go to sleep feeling that I did everything I ought to have done. So if I don't call on you oftener, you have great cause for congratulations—it is evidence that so far as I know, you are in good health and behaving yourself fairly well.

Here is my diary this last week—

Sunday, Sep. 15.

Holy Communion—7:30-8:30.

Bible Class Lecture—subject, "St. Paul at Paphos"—9:45-10:30.

Morning Service, Sermon, subject, "The Dependence of the Law upon the Work of the Church," 11:00-12:30.

Prayer in Jail, 1:00-2:00.

To the country in Sam Clark's machine—Service at Red Hill School House—Sermon, subject, "Confessing Christ"—4:00

Service at Lawrence—subject, "Faith as a Mustard Seed." Baptized Jesse Davenport, infant—4:30-5:30.

Evening Service—subject, "Our Lord's Fourth Word," 8:00-9:00.

Read Gilbert Chesterton's "Orthodoxy," 9:30-12:00.

To bed—12:30.

Monday, Sep. 16.

Wrote paper for negro preacher at Bethel—9:00-10:30.

Talked with——about his soul, 11:00-12:00.

Called on sick lady and had prayers, 12:00-1:00.

Met Gen. Cox and had good talk with him, 1:30-2:00.

Wrote letters—3:00-7:00.

Went to Lyman Howe's show—8:30-10:30.

Read Ramsay's "St. Paul the Traveller," 11:00-12:30.

To bed, 1:00.

Tuesday, Sep. 17.

Wrote article—9:00-12:00.

Made out list of lantern slides—12:00-1:00.

Wrote letters, 2:00-4:00.

Went to depot to meet——5:00.

To Fountain Mills to see about sick person, 5:30-6:30.

Arranged with——about Brotherhood meeting, 6:30-7:00.

Preached at Tarboro Cotton Mills, subject, "Four Precious Possessions." LeBlanc, Strickland and Curry testified, 8:00-9:00.

Read Ramsay's St. Paul—1:00.

To bed 1:30.

Wednesday, Sep. 18.

Litany in Chapel, subject, "For the Glory of Thy Name"—10:00-10:30.

Talked with——of Old Sparta about his soul, 11:00-11:30.

Long talk with——from country (more prejudiced against religion than any man I've met in long time,) 11:30-1:00.

To see sick lady—2:00-3:00.

To see sick man—had prayer, 3:30-4:00.

Wrote article—4:30-6:15.

Prayers with person *in extremis*, 6:30.

Brotherhood meeting—8:00-9:30.

Read "Medieval Jerusalem"—10:00-1:00.

To bed—1:30.

Thursday, Sep. 19.

Wrote letters—9:00-10:30.

To see sick man in country, with Dr. Thigpen—had prayers, 11:00-12:00.

Wrote article—2:00-6:00.

Visited family in distress—6:00-6:30.

Preached at Fountain Mill, sub-

ject, "He Casteth Out Devils,—8:00-9:30. (seventeen grown men present.)

Prayer with sick lady, 10:00-10:30.

Read "Medieval Jerusalem," by Col. Watson. (First Crusaders were gallant gentlemen, but the Latin kingdoms of Palestine were wretched things. Christianity cannot flourish by the sword,) 11:00-1:30.

To bed, 2:00.

Friday, Sep. 20.

Helped cook breakfast, the cook having quit—7:30-8:30.

Officiated at funeral, 11:00-12:00.

Talked with——— and two other men from country about their souls, 12:00-1:00.

Saw about medicine for———1:00.

Saw about wood for———1:30.

Read Bible to Chinaman—2:00.

Wrote letter and article for Cotton Mill Committee—2:30-5:30.

Read papers—6:00-7:00.

Service in Chapel, Subject, "The Widow's Son," 8:00-9:00.

Wrote Sermon for Southerner, 10:00-12:00.

To bed, 12:30.

Saturday, Sep. 21.

Wrote letter to———about what an infidel told him, 9:00-12:00.

Went to sleep, 2:00-4:00.

Had talk with———and another boy about the latter's soul—5:00-6:30.

Prepared Bible Class Lesson—8:00-10:00.

Prepared Sermons—10:00-2:00.

To bed, 2:30.

Cotton Factory People.

Recently the National Committee of Church Work among Cotton Factory Operatives sent me a number of questions, such as "what is the best method of church work among the factory class?" and "what is their greatest spiritual need?" and "what measure of success does the Church meet with among them?" and "should work among them be evangelical or institutional?"

I wrote quite a number of ideas in reply, a few of which I repeat here—

✠

It is a mistake to speak of "The Cotton Mill Class," as if there was a peculiar type of character belonging to people who work in cotton mills. The men and women who happen to make their living working in cotton mills are just like other people. Some of them are good and some are bad, some are wise and some are foolish, some are Christians whom it is a blessing and an honor to know, and some are not worth the powder and shot it would take to kill them, just as it is with lawyers and carpenters and bankers and doctors and millionaires and preachers.

✠

All that they stand in need of spiritually is the Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the same as all other people, and the Church has no call to give them anything else. Those who get clean hearts from God through the Blessed Lord will clean up their houses and wash their children's faces and stop drinking whiskey, naturally and instinctively, and those who are still in their sins will not be benefited by being taught a few superficial facts about flies and mosquitoes and geography. People with clean hearts will live in clean houses, and people with nasty hearts cannot be improved by bath tubs.

✠

Fewer cotton mill men are given

to drink than men of any other calling, and the largest proportion of drinking men is found among lawyers.

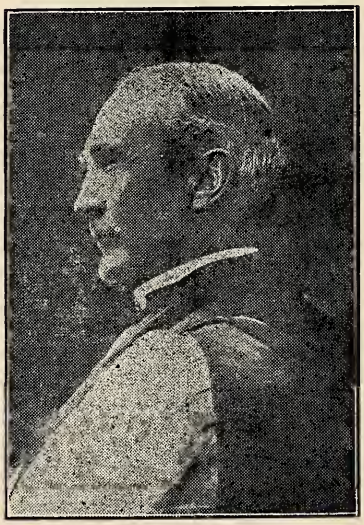
Of the white men put in jail here for offences due to drink within the last three years, those of other callings outnumber cotton mill men quite six to one, and if you add those who were fined for such offences without having to go to jail, the cotton mill men are outnumbered ten to one.

This is mainly due to the fact that cotton mill men work harder and more regularly than other men, and therefore have less time for vice of all sorts.

✠

The only method of Church work among them that does any real good is to hold out to them Jesus and Him crucified as their full, sufficient Saviour from sin, and lovingly and patiently to lead them one by one to Him, and to insist upon a perfect standard of righteousness afterwards.

The Lord Bishop of London



Arthur Winnington Ingram, Lord Bishop of London, is one of Christ's noblest servants. Tho' his income is larger than our President's, his personal expenses are as modest as a poor laborer's, and the rest goes to help those who need. He has never had time to marry, for his life has been given in the uttermost to the poor and outcast of his enormous see. He preaches the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ in its fulness and purity, in season and out of season, in Churches and halls and parks and on the streets—always and everywhere that there is a heart that needs it and an ear to hear. Of all living men I had rather have met him, and at the least likely of all imaginable places on earth, we met.

At a hospital of the English Syrian Mission in Nablous, a little fanatical Moslim town in Samaria, I had the great pleasure and honor of spending an afternoon with this good Christian man and Bishop. We went together along the rows of beds with their poor Moslim occupants, and I saw him carrying among them his Master's love.

When we came to part he held out his hand, but I asked him rather to give me his blessing. So in the ancient city of Shechem, under the shadow of Mt. Gerizim, in the land where the Apostles came down to lay their hands on the heads of those who had found the truth in Christ and were to receive the Holy Ghost, I knelt and felt the hands of this worthy successor of Saints Peter and John laid in sweet and thrilling blessing on my head. In after years I am sure this will be treasured among my holiest memories.

On Parish Missions.

St. Mary's Church, Speed.

Grace Church, Lawrence

St. Mary's, Speed.

Sunday School Every Sunday.
Scholars in Sunday School 50.
Teachers :
Mr. S. S. Nash, Supt.,
Miss Mary Bourne,
Mr. B. F. Shelton,
Miss Anna Thigpen,
Mrs. B. F. Shelton,
Miss Emma Knight,
Miss Fanny Knight,
Mrs. Dorsey Parker.

Sermon by the Rector every Fourth Sunday afternoon.

*

Grace Church, Lawrence.

Sunday School every Sunday.
Scholars in Sunday School 30.
Teachers :
Mr. S. S. Nash, Supt.,
Miss Mary Bourne,
Miss Sallie Hicks,
Mrs. D. B. Batts.

Sermon by the Rector every Third Sunday afternoon.

*

Red Hill School House.

Sunday School every Sunday.
Scholars in Sunday School 75.
Teachers :
Mr. S. S. Nash, Supt.,
Miss Mary Bourne,
Mrs. Annie Walker,
Miss Arlene Allsbrook.

Sermon by the Rector every Third Sunday afternoon.

Tarboro Cotton Factory.

Sunday School every Sunday.
Scholars in Sunday School 75.
Teachers :
Mr. Frank Hart, Supt.,
Mrs. J. W. Forbes,
Miss Nemmie Pender,
Mrs. James Pender,
Miss Sallie Dow Pender,
Miss Susie Foxhall,
Mrs. Gaddy Gladstone,
Mrs. Z. N. Eppes,
Miss Ellen Pitt.

Sermon by the Rector every Second Sunday afternoon, and every Tuesday night.

*

Fountain Cotton Mill.

Sunday School every Sunday.
Scholars in Sunday School 50.
Teachers :
Mr. J. W. Forbes, } Supts.
Mr. Almon Hart, }
Miss Miriam Lanier,
Miss Pearl Rowe,
Miss Mary Louise Worsley,
Mr. Norman Taylor,
Mr. Willis Whitaker.

Sermon by the Rector every Thursday night, and every Fifth Sunday afternoon.

*

Keechtown.

Sermon by the Rector every Monday night.

County Farm.

Sermon by the Rector every First Sunday afternoon.

*

The Rector held a Mission at St. Mary's, Speed, the latter part of July, and God blessed the effort made in His name and for His honor.

On July 28th were baptized Charles Galusha Thigpen, William Matthew Whitley, Charles Priest, Martha Wimberley Thigpen, Anne Lane Thigpen, Mavis Francis Thigpen, Vera Brown Warren.

May they continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto their life's end!

Poor George Whitley sat at his cobbler's bench year after year, giving no thought to his immortal soul. Christian men spoke to him of the Saviour's love, but he seemed deaf to their message.

Then death came and looked him in the face. He remembered His Saviour's loving call, and at the eleventh hour answered. His surrender was full and true, he was baptized lying there, and in peace with God he died.

His brother William Matthew heard of it, and came seeking the same peace and found it.

"For thou, Lord, art good and gracious, and of great mercy unto all them that call upon thee!"

*

We own a lot near Red Hill School House, the gift of Mr. Jno. W. Hyde, and intend building this Fall. The Sunday School at this Mission has flourished without a check since the work was begun two years ago by Mr. Nash. There is always a large congregation at the service once a month when the Rector goes out, the majority of them being men.

Arthur Logan Manning has been a frequent attendant at this Mission since its beginning, and felt the Holy Spirit drawing him to Christ. Then he was brought to his bed with a lingering and painful disease, and on August 27th, made his full surrender and accepted Christ as his Saviour. He was baptized in his bed, and great peace of heart was given him, according to the Saviour's promise.

Your prayers are asked for the restoration of his bodily health, and the confirmation of his faith.

*

The Mission at Fountain Mill is a year old, and God has abundantly blessed it with success. Some of our most faithful people now are the fruits of it. We own a lot there, and hope to build this year. All contributions towards this building may be given Mr. Almon Hart.

*

The Tarboro Cotton Mill Mission was begun four years ago, in the little chapel belonging to the factory. Within the last three years there have been seventy baptisms as the result of the work there, under God, and some of our loveliest Christian souls are among the number.

We now have a Chapel that cost $1,200.00 standing on our own land.

*

Mr. Curtis worked here till recently with the patience, love, and faith that characterizes all he does. Every Sunday afternoon and every Tuesday night, in heat or cold, in dust and rain, he walked from his house and back, very near four miles, till his doctor's positive orders forbade.

*

In this connection, it is most earnestly suggested that Christian people owning conveyances give a thought on Sunday afternoons and week nights to the ladies who purely and solely for the love of God and man walk the long and weary distance to and from these two factory Mission houses. They are not going to ask you for it, and they

are willing to give much more of "weariness and painfulness" to the service of Jesus who did so much for them, than this long walk requires. I do not hear them complain ever, that the way is long and hard. But you know it is hard for a woman to walk that distance under fierce Summer suns, and through Winter cold and rain and mud, and it would certainly be a graceful thing, the gallant thing for Southern gentlemen to do, the proper thing for Christians to do, to offer the services of their machine or carriage, as a regular and reliable appointment, to relieve so much the burden of these faithful ladies.

*

The Rector takes this opportunity of expressing his appreciation of the kindness of Dr. Norfleet, Dr. Philips, Mr. Thrash, Mr. Hyman Philips, Mr. Leggett, Mr. Clark and Mr. Kittrell, for taking him in their machines to Lawrence, Speed and Red Hill School House. These gentlemen alternate regularly in doing this, and their action makes possible his work at these points, which are eight, twelve and fourteen miles away.

ABOUT UNBELIEF.

The term "Free thinker" is very inaccurate as applied to an unbeliever. Look at it this way—suppose a Christian prays for such and such a thing to happen, and it does happen. He is quite free to adopt either of two explanations of the occurrence. He may think it came about as an answer to his prayer, or he may think it a natural event. His religion in no way binds him to think that it certainly resulted from his prayer. But a mere materialist is compelled by his philosophy to think it of necessity a natural event. Now, of these two, who is the freer thinker? Obviously the Christian is, just as a man with two rooms to roam in is freer than he who is confined to one.

*

A sceptic usually has had his faith unsettled by listening to the words or reading the book of some more or less noted agnostic. Isn't it strange that any man should take as his authority on God one who by his own confession knows nothing at all about God? When one wants to know about physic he consults a physician, when he wants to know about law he consults a lawyer—then, why in the name of sense, when he wants to know about Christ, doesn't he consult a Christian!

*

It is very foolish to think it harder to accept the Gospel of Christ in this twentieth century than in any previous age, for not one single bit of knowledge is before men now concerning the origin, existence or destiny of their souls, that was not equally well known in all the centuries past. The fact is, that belief or unbelief depends on the state of a man's mind, not on the date of his birth. The Emperor Frederick of Germany in the thirteenth century did not believe in God—the present German Emperor believes even in the Divine Right of Kings; Voltaire in the eighteenth century doubted everything—Camille Flammarion, the greatest living French philosopher, does not even doubt the existence of ghosts; Stephen Girard, the most successful merchant in Philadelphia a hundred and twenty-five years ago, was a virulent Atheist—John Wanamaker, the most successful merchant in Philadelphia today, teaches a Sunday School class.

*

A physician examines a drop of blood under his microscope, and

tells you it is teeming with malaria germs. How unreasonable you would be to doubt his word because you cannot see the germs with your naked eye!

A Christian tells you the truths of the Gospel are spiritually discerned by those who look through the eyes of faith and self-surrender to Christ. How unreasonable you are, if you deny those truths because, you cannot discern them with your natural mind!

*

If two engines are to be judged as to which is more truly and properly built, the decision will rest finally upon their respective running capacity. The one that runs the better is the truer and better engine, no matter whether it looks better or not, for engines are made to run.

The question as to the truth of the Gospel of Christ must be answered then, not upon the basis of its reasonability to the mind, but its workability in the life, for religion was given to be lived. If the man or woman who heartily accepts the Gospel of Christ, receives strength in temptation, solace in grief, and inward peace amidst the storms of the world, such as no other system gives, then the Gospel of Christ is a true Gospel—it works, it runs, it answers the purpose of its existence, IT IS TRUE.

"From bondage to the old beliefs
You say our rescue must begin—
But I want rescue from my griefs,
Salvation from my sin.

The strong, the easy, and the glad
Hang, blandly listening, on your word;
But I am weak and I am bad,
And I need THEE, O Lord!"

"Dogmas, sects and parties fall,
Jesus Christ is all in all."

MIRACLES.

Are miracles worked now?

The answer depends first of all upon what you mean by miracles. If you mean the occurrence of phenomena beyond your comprehension, then nothing else but miracles ever happens.

If you mean events contrary to the consistency of God's laws, then they do not happen and never did.

But if you mean events that come about in a perfectly natural manner as the result of our faith in God, that would not have occurred without that faith, then miracles certainly are worked.

It is impossible to prove that any particular event is or is not a miracle, because it never can be known whether or not it would have occurred had there been no faith or prayer.

Take an event like this—a Christian man from here goes to work in another town, leaving his family here, his wages being sixty dollars a month. His wife and daughter are taken sick, and unless he can hire a trained nurse, one of them at least seems doomed to die. His wages do not permit such an expense. So he asks God, in faith, to provide a way, and in a little while his employer calls him into the office and tells him his wages are raised to ninety dollars a month. Or take another rather less commonplace occurrence. A man is walking under a high scaffolding thinking about God, and in a clear, distinct tone he hears his name called. He stops to answer, and just as he does a heavy beam falls in front of him, striking precisely where he would have been had he not stopped. There is no human being to have called him anywhere around. Now, these instances prove nothing, for it is quite possible the man's wages would have been raised, prayer or no prayer, and often we think we

hear our names called when no beam falls.

All the same, one such occurrence will strike any man as remarkable, and a constant repetition of such occurrences settles the matter in the mind at last.

If I pass along under a tree once, twice, three times, and an acorn falls and hits me in exactly the same place each time, I will begin to think it remarkable. If after passing under one hundred times, the thing happens sixty, or fifty, or even forty times, I will be convinced that someone is throwing them at me on purpose, and it would be useless to tell me it was an accident. Well, by a similar process, a Christian arrives at a certainty as to the present working of miracles. Don't you see ?

Here are some of recent date and close proximity—

1. A lady in our hospital has internal cancer, according to the doctors. She renews her surrender to God, promises to serve Him if He will grant her life for her children's sake, and in that spirit of entire surrender receives the Holy Communion. She gets well almost at once.

2. A man in the hospital has had parts of his foot amputated three times, and has suffered agonies from it for eight months. He makes his surrender to Christ, and feels deep spiritual peace. At once also, his pain ceases, and his wound heals in a very short while.

3. A woman in the country has pellagra, weighs only ninety pounds, and cannot lift her head from the pillow. She accepts Jesus as her Saviour, and is baptized. At once she begins to recover, gets well soon, marries, lives happily for three years, and then dies at peace with God.

4. A man drinks to excess for nineteen years, has *mania potia* eleven times, goes to Keely seven times, and develops smoker's cancer on his lip. He surrenders wholly to Christ, and in one night all desire for liquor and cigarettes leave him, and his whole life becomes devoted to the service of God.

5. A man is brought to the hospital with appendicitis. His fever is very high, and his condition is too bad for an operation. He professes Christ as his Saviour, and surrenders his body and soul to Him. He gets well almost at once, and as his doctors insist on an operation to prevent a return of the disease, he submits, and comes through the ordeal unharmed.

6. A man is defiant against Christ. A Christian prays for him morning and night for three months, that he will come to Christ. At the end of that time, without any words being spoken to him in the meantime, he accepts Christ, and has lived a changed life ever since.

Many more of similar and different tenor might be given if space permitted.

If you, dear reader, do not believe in miracles, or in other words, do not believe in Our good Lord's will and power to save all who put their trust in Him, we can say no more to you than what Philip said to Nathanael, "Come and see!" Do you surrender to Him, and let Him work the miracle of turning your hesitating doubts into glorious certainty!

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

An offering was being taken for foreign missions, and one of the wealthiest men in the congregation put nothing in the plate. "Pass the plate to Mr. Blank," said the Minister, supposing he had failed to see it. "But Mr. Blank says he does not believe in foreign missions," was the reply. "Then pass it to him again and let him take some out—it is for the heathen!"

Please remember that your offering in the benevolence side of your envelope on Second Sundays, goes for foreign missions.

THE DEITY OF CHRIST.

The first real or fancied difficulty of the man who loses his faith is doubt as to what he calls the Divinity of Christ. Later on, if unchecked, his habit of scepticism leads him to doubt the Divinity of God, and of his neighbors, and at last even of himself.

As I write, there lies before me a silver coin of Tiberius Cæsar, and on it I read the superscription, "*Ti. Cæsar Divi—Divine Tiberius Cæsar.*" Even that cruel world that crucified the Lord for saying He was God, had no difficulty in seeing Divinity in the power of Cæsar. It is reserved for the wise ones of this enlightened age to profess to be unable to see Divinity in the holiness of Christ!

But as a matter of fact, they do not mean Divinity, but Deity. They doubt the Deity of Christ, and their misuse of words shows how carelessly they think in the whole matter.

They will tell you about Jesus who was gentle and loving and holy and true above all other good men, and sometimes grow sentimental over the picture they draw of this sweet saint whom men of other ages magnified into a God.

The remarkable fact is that wherever they get this idea of Jesus, whether from their own imagination or from some other man's, it is quite lacking in those four little read and less studied books, the Gospels according to Saints Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

As we studied the life of Our Lord in the Bible Class during these last two years, carefully comparing the Gospels and weighing every narrative word by word and thought by thought, many of us were powerfully struck more and more with the utter impossibility of extracting this figure of a mere humanly gentle and aimiable Jesus from those records.

The Jesus of the Gospels is a superhuman, awful being, quite as essentially as he is human and sweet. His presence inspired deadly terror and insane hatred as often as it did love and trust. He steps into the boat of a middleaged fisherman, who moved by some terrible emotion flings himself down screaming "Depart from me, O Lord!" "He is the King of the King of all the Devils!" shout the astounded Pharisees. "What have we to do with thee—hast thou come to torment us!" poor demoniacs shriek when they see Him. Policemen sent to arrest Him, run back trembling, terrified at His speech. A mob with clubs and spears attack Him at night, and are flung over flat on their backs by some powerful force. He haunts with frightful visions the sleep of a Roman lady.

He comes with gigantic strides across the wave crests of a stormy sea, mysterious in the moonlight, ghastly, terrible. He talks with ghosts on cloudy mountain tops, while His followers gaze in an agony of fear.

A fig tree withers at His frown, and its leaves hang sere upon its shriveled stalks. Four thousand hogs stampede in reckless flight at a word from Him.

He stands besides graves and coffins and speaks to rotting corpses, and the dead men hear and answer.

His words play easily, as with one who speaks of familiar things, upon the awful mysteries of life and death. Eternity, God, Sin, Judgment, Love Divine, Hate Infernal, Hell, Angels, are but the commonplaces of His vocabulary.

Unlike other great and good men, He lets all the world gape curiously upon His tears, His anger and His despair, but no man ever saw Him indulging in His mirth.

An old man saw in a vision a being who was like his dear Master, on whose bosom he leaned long ago, and this was the way He looked—"Hair like glittering snow"—"eyes like flames of fire"—"feet like red-

hot brass"—"face like the splendor of the sun in his noonday strength."

This marvellous figure is inextricably bound up with that of the gentle, wise, lovable, sweetly human Jesus in the records, and they must be taken together or not at all. It would be far more sensible to say, for instance, "I accept the gentle Robt. E. Lee who walks wisely among the boys at Lexington, but it is a mere myth, that majestic figure trying to lead the charge at Spottsylvania."' But for the great soldier, no one would ever hear of the college president. But for the mighty being who burst the doors of His sepulchre you would never have heard of the good Teacher of Galilee!

What is the strongest argument against the fallacy of Renan's "Vie de Jesus"? That little work Renan called "the most beautiful book ever written," The Gospel according to St. Luke.

"THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, SO HELP ME GOD!"

A man and woman were on trial in our fine, new, courthouse, and a boy was put on the stand as the sole eyewitness to the diabolical murder with which they were charged. Between the Judge and him this colloquy took place—

"Son, did you ever go to Sunday School?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever go to Church?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever hear the Bible read?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever hear of the Ten Commandments?"

"No, sir."

"Were you ever taught anything about God?"

"No, sir."

"Why is it wrong to tell a lie?"

"I don't know, sir."

The Judge was of the opinion that he was a morally incompetent witness in a case involving two people's lives, and ultimately the case was thrown out of court.

Obviously, an oath taken in the name of God upon the Bible, can have no significance to one entirely ignorant of both.

Was a finer practical tribute ever paid to the necessity of the work of the Church of God! It alone endeavors to teach all men the iniquity of a lie, the knowledge of God, and the contents of God's Holy Word. The process of law must cease without the Church's teaching, and without law society must fall to pieces.

That a child should grow up in our county so ignorant as this boy, is not the Church's fault, for we are doing the best we can with the limited means and men at our disposal. The shame lies at the door of those men outside the Church who will not come in, and of those inside who might as well be out.

This Judge Justice is certainly an honor to his profession. After discrediting a witness who knew nothing of God, he did as consistent a thing as ever a man did in this world—he went to Church and taught a Sunday School class! There is a propriety in the relation of those two deeds to each other that is absolutely exquisite! "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, being not a forgetful hearer, but a DOER of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loves them all."

"Whatsoever thou lovest, man,
That thing become thou must—
God, if thou lovest God,
Dust, if thou lovest dust."

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

Of the English-speaking religious communities of the world there are 29,200,000 Episcopalians, 18,650,000 Methodists of all descriptions, 15,500,000 Roman Catholics, 12,250,000 Presbyterians of all descriptions, 9,230,000 Baptists of all descriptions, 6,150,000 Congregationalists of all descriptions, 5,250,000 Free Thinkers, 2,800,000 Lutherans, 2,600,000 Unitarians, 5,500,000 belonging to minor sects, and 17,000,000 of no particular religion.

Last Winter I traveled in Europe, Asia, Africa, and several islands of the sea. On every blessed Sunday I received the Holy Communion according to our rite, and in every city I found a Church where God was worshiped from our good Book of Common Prayer. The white surplice of the English Priest flutters around the world beside the red coat of the English soldier. In Cairo, at All Saints Church, I sat just behind Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, and heard the great soldier's voice devoutly raised in our Church's majestic liturgy. In Nazareth, Tiberius, Shechem, Jericho, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, I met English missionaries, alert, masterful, efficient Christian men, Priests and laymen of our Church.

Our common race, language and Church, as well as our common Christian faith, made them seem doubly brothers to me.

One day in Westminster Abbey at Matins, I was invited to sit right up in the choir stalls. The Church was mine as well as theirs, the worship was from my own dear Book, and the dust of England's mighty dead around meant as much to me as to any Englishman. Though my people have been Americans for two hundred years, my blood is purely Anglo-Saxon. I felt as much at home, as much in my natural, proper place, in the stalls of that ancient pile, as I do in Calvary Church. I am so glad I worship as my forefathers did.

"Oh Englishmen! in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers!
We, too, are heirs of Runnymede!
And Hooker's faith and Ridley's deed
Are not alone our Mother's!"

CONFIRMATIONS.

One hundred and twenty-seven people have been Confirmed since Good Friday, 1909, three years ago. Of these, five have died and fourteen have moved away.

It may be asked by some what actual and practical good to themselves and to the world is represented by the Confirmation of these men and women? I will try to answer that as fairly as I can.

Thirty-eight of these were boys and girls at or about the age of twelve years, raised by Christian parents, and brought after proper instruction to the Bishop to be Confirmed by him, according to the law and custom of our Church. It would be safe to say that all of them were mentally and morally capable of understanding what it meant to take upon themselves the responsibility of their baptismal vow to renounce sin and live according to God's laws.

To assert that the fact that they took that vow will not result in many of them living lives close to God in love and faith and obedience, would argue a very poor opinion of human nature and of God. Surely most men and women try to keep their vows to God, and surely the good God gives strength to those who try!

Of the remaining eighty-nine, fifty were women and thirty-nine were men, who in their full maturity, being convicted in their hearts of sin, accepted Jesus as their Saviour and acknowledged Him before the world.

As I look over their names, I see six who fell into sin and are now aliens to God. Some dozen more

seem lax and indifferent to God, and are very likely living just as they would have lived had they never known Him at all.

But, I am so glad to say, and I thank God from the very bottom of my heart that I am able to say it, that many of them, men and women, are living lovely, helpful, holy lives, showing in their daily walk the power of Christ to save! Their present life is as different from their old life as light from darkness. Praise Him who brought us "out of darkness, into His marvellous light!"

"Three ghosts upon the lonely road,
Spoke each one to the other,
'Whence comes that red stain on your mouth,
No lifted hand may cover.?'
'From eating of forbidden fruit!'
Brother, O My Brother!"

"Three ghosts upon the sunless road,
Spoke each one to the other,
'Whence comes that deep scar on your wrist,
No other hand may cover?'
'From breaking of a woman's heart!'
Brother, O My Brother!"

"Three ghosts upon the windless road,
Spoke each one to the other,
'Whence comes that red burn on your foot,
No dust or ash may cover?'
'I stamped a neighbor's hearthflame out!'
Brother, O My Brother!"

"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,
Glutton and thief and lover.
White flesh and fair, it hid our stains,
That no man might discover!
But naked the soul goes up to God,
Brother, O My Brother!"

"I see the wrong that round me lies
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!"

"A little knowledge tendeth to Atheism, but deeper knowledge bringeth back to God again."
—*Lord Bacon.*

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

S. S. Nash, Director.
J. W. Forbes, Vice-Director.
C. F. Clayton, Secretary.
Bertram E. Brown, Rector.
Herbert Cunningham.
Jonas Curry.
M. A. Curtis.
Almon Hart.
Frank Hart.
J. C. Horne.
E. N. LeBlanc.
E. H. Lewis.
Frank Martin.
Ed Pennington.
G. E. Pennington.
J. B. Pennington.
Marshal Staton.
Arthur Taylor.
C. C. Wallace.
Newet Webb.
Willis Whitaker.
Norman Taylor.
John A. Weddell, Jr.

*

This is a good, live Chapter, every member of it really and truly doing all that lies in him to serve God and his fellowmen. A great many more have at times been members, but were dropped from the rolls. The Brotherhood pledge is to pray daily for the extension of Christ's Kingdom among men, and to try to bring at least one man to Christ each week. But these men do not stop at the bare fulfilment of the pledge by any manner of means. They can talk to a sinful man about his soul, and pray at a sick man's bed-side, and stand up before a crowd and speak a word for the Lord Jesus Christ, as God gives them utterance. They have been always ready to their limit of their money, time and ability, at all times and in all ways, to help every man, woman and child, whose sin, sorrow, ignorance, poverty, or helplessness of any kind, called to them for help.

*

Mr. LeBlanc and Mr. Cunning-

ham have gone to the Virginia Seminary at Alexandria to study for the Ministry. The former is a young man from Canada who came to us in God's service, and the latter is one of our own people who has given his life utterly to God and his fellowman.

*

The intensity of Mr. Cunningham's zeal for the souls of poor sinful men astounds some people. A prominent professional man in town could account for it only on the ground that he was in "an abnormal state of mind." Of course he is, and by the help of God, he has been the means of arousing some others too from their normal state of sin and selfishness. What a commentary it is on the fallen state of man, that it is an abnormal thing for him to care more about God's and his fellowman's welfare than his own! It ought to be the abnormal thing for a man to live in sin and indifference to God, and the normal thing for him to live in sweet communion with God, and love for his fellowman.

When my friend Mr. Hall went to live in the coal mines with the convicts, people use to say, "Brown, your friend Hall is a crank!" "No, he isn't a crank," I said, "he is merely a Christian, but a Christian to those outside looks like a crank." "Say we not true that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil," said the astonished Pharisees to the Blessed Lord. "Paul, thou art beside thyself!" cried Festus, the Roman gentleman.

*

All the true Christians in the Church are not members of the Brotherhood, but on the contrary, some of the most faithful for one reason or another, have never joined it, or have withdrawn. Some seem to have scruples about pledging themselves, and some seem to object to our rule of making personal reports of the good work they have done. Well, nothing ever suited everybody, and they certainly can serve the Lord outside of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew—but they could do better service, all the same, by working together with us.

THE CHOIR.

Director:
Mr. M. A. Curtis.

Organist:
Mrs. Geo. E. Pennington.

Violinists:
Mr. Geo. E. Pennington.
Mr. Paul McCabe.

Sopranos:
Mrs. B. E. Brown,
Miss Mamie Bryan,
Mrs. J. W. Forbes,
Miss Lena Simmons,
Mrs. Gaddy Gladstone,
Mrs. Eliza Lewis,
Miss Emma Parker,
Mrs. W. J. Thigpen,
Miss Sophie Hart,
Miss Eliza Pender,
Miss Maggie Pennington,
Miss Mary Rawls Gilliam,
Mrs. Henry Johnson.

Altos:
Mrs. James Pender,
Mrs. Frank Martin.

Tenors:
Mr. Frank Hart,
Mr. Frank Carlisle.

Basses:
Mr. J. B. Pennington,
Mr. S. S. Nash,
Mr. E. Harvey Lewis.

Crucifers:
Mr. Goode Hendrix.
Mr. Churchill Hodges,

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Miss Sophie Hart, Sec. and Treas.,
Mrs. J. Frank Martin,
Mrs. Eliza Lewis,
Mrs. John Jacocks,
Miss Mary H. Bridgers,
Miss Mamie Pender,
Miss Sallie Dow Pender,
Miss Bessie Ricks,
Miss Maggie Pennington,
Miss Hannah Gilliam,
Miss Emily Pender,
Mrs. J. W. Forbes,
Miss Mary Louise Worsley,

✠

Men's Bible Class.

Rev. Bertram E. Brown, Teacher.
Mr. Frank Hart, Sec. and Treas.

This class was organized two and a half years ago, and the interest has never flagged. There are sixty-five men on the roll, and the average attendance is nearly fifty. Two years were spent on the Life of Jesus, and we are now studying the Life of St. Paul. If the teacher is for any reason absent, the class supplies other teachers from its ranks, and gets on just as well.

THE STEREOPTICON.

We will have a lecture illustrated by the stereopticon every month in the Chapel, and at each of the Missions. The number and variety of slides to be rented at slight cost is practically limitless, and many blessed truths may in this way be more impressively taught than by word of mouth.

The State Board of Health has loaned us a number of lantern slides illustrating the cause, prevention and cure of consumption, and as soon as we return them, others on typhoid, malaria, and infants diseases will be furnished. The State Hookworm Commission promises us a set whenever we ask for it.

Already we have showed the first lot to several hundred people at our factory and country Missions, and many hundreds more will see them before we are done. We have hopes of doing a great deal of good for the public health in this way, for it stands to reason that a fact illustrated by a picture ten feet square, thrown in a vivid relief upon a screen surrounded by utter darkness, will be powerfully impressed upon the average mind.

✠

It is quite within the Church's province to help promote public health, for God needs men who are healthy in body and mind as well as soul to do His work among men. Then again, as the Church prays for the healing of the sick, she should do her part in furthering the the working out of the answer to her prayer.

✠

The Board of Health should be able and willing to furnish literature and lantern slides on the evils of drink too, for alcohol takes its toll along with these other grim reapers, and is quite as ruthless as they. Five hundred thousand people die in this country of consumption every year, and consumption gets the discredit for their deaths, but only a few of the deaths from drunkenness are laid at the door where they belong. The man killed in the drunken fight, the little child who dies of ill-nourishment because its father's wages go for drink, the man with drink-weakened organs who succumbs to pneumonia, the wife of a drunken husband worried into her grave by grief and shame—these are but a few of alcohol's victims. Should not the Board of Health say as much about this danger to public health as about the others, and be as zealous in urging enforcement of prohibition as of

quarantine laws? And is not the serving of liquor at the annual meeting of the Medical Association quite as inconsistent with their profession as if these worthy gentlemen should gaily swallow mugs full of typhoid germs!

DRINK.

Does God Forbid it? Eph. 5:18.

Does Christ Warn against it? St. Luke 21:34.

Is it a Work of the Flesh? Gal. 5:21.

Is it Debasing? Is. 28:7.

Does it Take away the Heart? Hos. 4:11.

Does it Bring Poverty? Prov. 21:17.

Does it Lead to Strife? Prov. 23:29.

Does it Lead to Wantonness? Rom. 13:13.

Should we Avoid those Given to it? 1 Cor. 5:11.

Does God Denounce those Given to it? Is. 28:1.

Does God Denounce those who Encourage it? Hab. 2:15.

Does it Exclude from Heaven? 1 Cor. 6:10.

What Does Jesus Say? St. Matt. 24:48-51.

What Does Paul Reason with Felix? Acts 24:25.

What was Done with Drunken Nabal? 1 Sam. 25:36-38.

What was Done with Drunken Elah? 1 Kings 16:8-10.

The wicked man may not read the Bible, but he does read the daily life of the professing christian. Live so that he will never fail to see God's message in you.

"Certainly in taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; in passing it over he is superior, for it is a prince's part to pardon."—*Lord Bacon.*

SHORT SERMONS.

Peace—"Peace I leave with you." St. John 14:27.

Have you peace, perfect peace, in your life? If not, it is because you have not claimed your heritage. The Blessed Lord, before He died, left His mother to His friend, His soul to His Father, and His peace to you. The condition on which you can claim it is perfect surrender on your part to Him. Peace is the opposite to war. If you have not peace, it is because you are at war—at war with God. In the war between God and you, you may be sure God will not surrender, so you must surrender, that peace may come. Surrender to Him, your mind, your heart, your will, your life, every sin, everything, all—and receive the peace He left you.

✠

The Kingdom of God—"The Kingdom of God is within you." St. Luke 17:21.

Where is God's Kingdom? Not in Heaven, for that is just the capital of the Kingdom; not in the Bible, for that is just the lawbook of the Kingdom; not in the Church, for that is just the army of the Kingdom. It is inside of you. A kingdom is where a king reigns and a subject faithfully obeys. Seat God as King supreme in your heart and there you have all the elements of God's Kingdom.

THE VESTRY.

M. A. Curtis, Senior Warden,
Ed Pennington, Junior Warden,
Almon Hart, Sec. and Treas.,
C. F. Clayton,
J. W. Forbes,
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John L Bridgers

The Christian Worker

ORGAN OF CALVARY PARISH, TARBORO, N. C.

ISSUED MONTHLY. |||| DECEMBER 1912 |||| PRICE, 50 cents a year

REV. BERTRAM E. BROWN, Editor.

MISS LALLAH HUSSEY, Business Manager

KALENDAR FOR DECEMBER

1. First Sunday in Advent
   Holy Communion 11:00 A. M.
   Evening Prayer 7:30 P. M.
   Service at County Home 3:30 P. M.

8. Second Sunday in Advent
   Holy Communion 7:30 A. M.
   Morning Prayer 11:00 A. M.
   Evening Prayer 7:30 P. M.
   Evening Prayer, Tarboro Cotton Factory 3:30 P. M

15. Third Sunday in Advent
   Holy Communion 7:30 A. M.
   Morning Prayer 11:00 A. M.
   Evening Prayer 7:30 P. M.
   Service Parker's Mission 3:00 P. M.
   Evening Prayer, Grace, Lawrence, 4:00 P. M.

21. St. Thomas, Apostle
   Ante-Communion 10:00 A. M.

22. Fourth Sunday in Advent
   Holy Communion 7:30 A. M.
   Morning Prayer 11:00 A. M.
   Evening Prayer 7:30 P. M.
   Evening Prayer, St. Mary's, Speed, 3:30 P. M.

25. Christmas Day
   Morning Prayer and Holy Communion 11:00 A. M.

26. St. Stephen, Martyr
   Ante-Communion 10:00 A. M.

27. St. John, Evangelist
   Ante-Communion 10:00 A. M.

28. Holy Innocents
   Ante-Communion 10:00 A. M.

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The Christian Worker

"As Workers Together With Him"

Vol. 1 TARBORO, N. C., DECEMBER, 1912 No. 3

"Entered as second-class matter October 19th, 1912, at the post office at Tarboro, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879."

Think About This!

If it had not been for the Church of God you would have no Sunday to rest on, for there is no weekly rest-day anywhere on earth outside the influence of the Christian Church. Isn't it little enough to give back to the Church two hours of the twenty-four she gave you!

*

You are at liberty to refuse an invitation to a banquet, but when you are called on to help carry a wounded man to the doctor, if you are any sort of a man at all, you will not feel at liberty to refuse. God's call to you is not just to the salvation of your own soul, but to come and help save your fellow-man.

You will not accept God's offer of salvation, because you do not understand how Jesus' death can save you? When a railroad is built the engineers calculate the curves and grades, and the section hands wield the picks and shovels. A section-hand who refuses to lift his pick because he cannot understand the plans of the engineer is a very foolish man. If he could understand the engineer's plans, he would be an engineer, not a section-hand. Your part in salvation is to lay down all your sins and ask God for Jesus' sake to save you. You understand that, don't you? To understand God's side of it, you would have to be, not a poor sinner as you are, but God.

Parish Missions.

On the afternoon of the first Sunday, Mr. Kittrell drove Mrs. Brown and myself out to the County Home in his car. We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Martin, and had a good service in the little chapel. If some one whom God has blessed this year in this world's goods wishes to show forty dollars worth of gratitude, a gift of a cabinet organ to the County Home Chapel would be quite a good way to do it.

*

The Rev. E. W. Gamble spent several days in Tarboro this month, and preached two true Gospel sermons in Calvary Church. Sunday afternoon he preached at Fountain Mill, and Monday night Mr. Clayton took him to his Keechtown mission. It was good to have him with us!

*

The Rev. Dallas Tucker took charge of all services on the third Sunday while the Rector was absent in Farmville. Mr. Durward Leggett drove him to Lawrence and Parker's in his car.

The Rev. Thomas L. Trott promised to preach a week's mission at Tarboro Cotton Mill Chapel, beginning on Monday, November 18th. As usual, Satan tried to interfere. Mr. Trott could not come Monday night on account of distress in his parish, and Tuesday night he was kept away by a railroad wreck in which six men were killed. But we went on trusting in God, and He blessed our confidence in Him. By the time Mr. Trott did come, great interest was aroused, and large congregations welcomed him. Mrs. Brown, assisted by Mrs. George Pennington and Mrs. Gladstone, organized a splendid senior and junior choir, which led in a song service lasting fifteen minutes before each service.

Nearly a hundred requests for prayer, and pledges to live closer to God, were signed, and a dozen accepted Christ as their Saviour. At the last service, Mrs. Irene Thomas, Mrs. Lindy Philpot, and Mr. Berry Thomas were baptized.

*

We need an automobile so much. Every month I travel sixty miles to the country missions, and I lose hours of precious time walking about town and over the creek. Besides this, there are many people out of town whom I ought to see and cannot because I have no way to get to them. Much more could be done at our factory missions if ladies to sing and teach could be taken over in a machine. Christian people have been most kind with their machines and carriages, but as a matter of course, we cannot use others' property as we could our own.

—o—

"No ear may hear His coming,
But in hearts free from sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still.
The dear Christ enters in."

LORD KITCHENER.

HORATIO HERBERT, VISCOUNT AND BARON OF KHARTOUM.

Great men whose greatness lies in power over men and ability to sway them as they will, are always reverent. They have to do with the souls of men, and that leads them to revere God who is a greater Master of the soul than they. It apppeared to me significant that when I saw Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, he was kneeling humbly in the worship of Almighty God. He might well be considered the greatest soldier, and sternest, strongest ruler of men in the world, and as one might expect therefore, he is a modest servant of God.

At All Saints Church in Cairo one Sunday morning, I noticed a great, broad-shouldered man a few pews in front of me, with a scarlet-coated orderly by his side. I could tell from the carriage of his head, and the masterful

set of his figure as he stood in the Creed, and the deeply reverent yet majestic grace with which he knelt in the prayers, that he was some man of distinction. So when I asked a person by my side, I was not surprised to learn that he was the English governor-general.

When service was over, he walked out quickly, before the rest of the congregation had time to fill the aisles, with the orderly following close behind him, which I suppose was done as a wise precaution, as many a wild fanatic in that Moslim land would wish no greater privilege than to strike Lord Kitchener down. As he passed my pew, I leaned over into the aisle to see him well, and attracted by my movement he cast just one penetrating glance full into my eyes. His face was brick-dust red, burned and tanned by desert suns and winds, and seamed with lines of thought and heavy responsibility. His eyes were pale, china blue, under bristling brows, but the keen, searching flash I caught from them went through me like an electric shock. Such a soul as his, I could well believe, brooks but one Master, but just because it submits to but One, to that One the surrender is utter and forever.

—o—

SHORT SERMONS.

Your Heart.—"Your heart shall live forever."—Ps. 22:26.

What possession of yours are you going to take over into eternity? Not your money, surely, nor your fame, nor your pleasures, nor your stomach, nor your beauty. You will take your heart with you, so give it to God and let Him make it new and sweet and clean and good and fit if for eternity. Quit wasting time over those other things you will have to leave behind.

Engrafting—"For God is able to graft them in again."—Rom. 11:23.

Do you understand the process of grafting? A twig is cut off from its old tree, through bark and sap and heart. Then a deep incision is made in the new tree, down to the flowing sap. Then the bleeding twig is inserted into that bleeding wound and bound there, and the new sap flows into the twig, and it blossoms with the new tree's life. Just so, you must be severed from the sinful world, clean cut off, and your bleeding heart bound close to the pierced side of Jesus, and His new, clean, joyous life comes flowing through your soul!

"But rather give alms of such things as ye have." St. Luke, 2: 41.

"If I was rich, how much good I would do!" "If I had influence how well I would use it!" If I knew enough, how I would spend my time teaching!" Now, God wants you, dear friend, to consecrate to Him what you have, not what you have not. The latter plan is too cheap and easy and useless! Devote to Him what money, time, influence, knowledge, you have, no matter how little, because they are yours to give Him. Above all and first of all, give Him your heart, your soul, for that is by rights His any way, not yours to withold from Him. He will give it back to you made over clean and new for you to use for awhile for the good of your brothers and His glory.

The Christian Worker
Organ of Calvary Parish, Tarboro, N. C.

Published Monthly at 50 cents a Year.

REV. BERTRAM E. BROWN Editor
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C F. CLAYTON, Advertising Manager

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Tarboro, N. C , December, 1912

FARMVILLE.

During the second week in November I preached a mission at Farmville. The effort was made for God's glory and man's good, with faith in God, and He gave manifest proofs of His approval. A great many Christian people expressed their desire to live more for God's glory, and pledged themselves to do so, and many sought grace and help from God in special prayers. Two persons were baptized during the mission, and I trust that led by the Holy Spirit, others will accept salvation too. It may be that while preaching missions elsewhere, my duties are neglected here at home. But the parish must be content to allow me to make these efforts outside its bounds, for unselfishness is the very essence of Christian life. God will take your cheerful acquiescence as a contribution to home missions.

I was much pleased by the hospitality and courtesy shown me by the pastor of the "Disciples" Church in Farmville. Years ago, in Perry County, Alabama, one of the church buildings of that denomination was offered me for worship as a regular thing, in a country community where there were a few families of our Church, and I saw a great deal of two of their ministers during my trip abroad, and found them sweet Christian souls. If the spirit shown these three times I came in contact with them, is typical of that Church generally, as I have been assured is the case, it is easy to understand its enormous increase in numbers of recent years, for "charity never faileth."

Just as it is in Tarboro, a large proportion of the most prominent men in Farmville have never made a public profession of faith in Christ. Of course where men do that insincerely and afterwards live unchristian lives, their own state and the result of their evil influence, is worse than if they had always remained frankly outside the Christian Church. But Christ will keep everyone of them safe in His righteousness if they will but come to Him in full surrender, and continue to trust Him wholly. Of all the wilful misery that men in their blindness inflict upon themselves, the most dreadful is their refusal to accept the grace of the dear Lord Jesus Christ! It is heart-rending to realize that most of them will never know their loss till the matter is beyond all remedy!

"Behold the Master cometh.
In the middle of the night;
And blest be he whose loins are girt.
Whose lamp is burning bright.

But woe to that dull servant
Whom his master shall surprise
With his lamp untrimmed, unburning.
And with slumber in its eyes.

Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my watchful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry,
'He could not make his darkness light.
Or guard him through the hours of night.' "

A LETTER.

If you had known the writer of this letter four years ago, you would be able to appreciate the infinite change wrought in him by the love and power of the Lord Jesus Christ. I do not give his name because I have not time to write and get his permission. You must believe me, though, when I tell you that only by the Holy Spirit could the man he once was have been changed into the man he is.

———N. C., Nov. 14, 1912.

Rev. B. E. Brown:

Dear Friend :

I will take the greatest pleasure in dropping you a few lines to let you hear from me. This leaves all well at this time. I truly hope you and all yours are well and having good success in your work for God.

We have two Sunday Schools, and two services on Sundays with a very good attendance. About fifty are enrolled in the Sunday School. I am trying to get it up to one hundred, and by God's help I hope to succeed.

I miss the good services at Tarboro, but I try to get all I can to help us out in our work. I have several talks with different people each week, and tell them about Jesus and His love.

Give my love to all, and remember me in your prayers.

May God bless us all!

Truly yours,

———

—o—

"I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That man may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higer things."

*

"Lord, speak to me that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou has sought, so let me seek,
Thy wandering children, lost and lone."

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Good congregations came to thank God in Calvary Church, in Grace Church, Lawrence, in St. Mary's, Speed, in Tarboro Cotton Mill Chapel and at Fountain Mill. At Calvary Church, the offering for Thompson Orphanage amounted to $33.00, and a great abundance of fruits of the earth were presented, to be afterwards distributed to the poor.

All the workers of the parish had a busy and a blessed Thanksgiving Day.

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CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

One hundred and twenty men and boys attended one or more of the eight Sunday morning and evening services in November. I have had their names recorded for private purposes of my own, and then, as I have the record of them, it seems good to me to publish it here. There can be no reasonable objection to its publication, and there are some good reasons in favor of it.

8. M. A. Curtis, J. W. Forbes, Almon Hart, Ed Pennington, J. A. Weddell, Sr.

7. Frank Hart, J. Robt. Pender, Rufus Worsley, Newet Webb.

6. Jesse Austin, C. F. Clayton, Paul McCabe, Hyman Philips.

5. Howard Cotten, Russell Clark, J. R. Gaskill, Goode Hendrix, Churchill Hodges, J. C. Horne, Joe Pennington, M. C. Staton.

4. W. L. Bridgers, Jonas Curry, Sam Clark, F. M. Carlisle, J. W. Cotten, Ed Gaskill, S. S. Nash. Jr., W. C. Pitt, W. L. Simmons, Norman Taylor, A. M. Vandegrift.

3. Arthur Barlowe, Mabry Bass, J. M. Carstophen, R. H.

Holland, Joe Howard, Henry Johnston, J. L. Jacocks, R. G. Kittrell, Wong Kim, W. A. Lockyer, B. F. Moore, Jack Pender, Jas. P. Ricks, J. E. Simmons, W. L. Speight, A. M. Walston.

2. James Battle, R. E. L. Cook, W. S. Clark, Cecil Copeland, Spencer Dancy, F. L. Dancy, Curtis Norfleet, J. K. Newton, S. S. Nash, Sr., C. M. Parks, Gus Harrell, J. L. Jenkins, E. H. Lewis, W. D. Leggett, Charles Lassiter, Frank Pender, Jr., E. Rimmer, William Strickland, Offie Thomas, J. A. Weddell, Jr.

1. Dan Anderson, Newsome Battle, Charlie Bowers, George Beach, H. C. Bridgers, Henry Bourne, Walter Bass, W. D. Bryan, John Cheshire, Gerald Cross, Lucius Conway, George Capehart, W. G. Clark, Wilson Davis, J. E. Godley, L. E. Norfleet, Bruce Nabors, W. H. Peed, Purvis, Fred Philips, Albert Pike, George Gray, J. C. Hoard, Bob Harrell, Haughton James, Ollin Johnson, J. R. Jones, Lee Johnson, F. B. Lloyd, J. B. Lloyd, Robt. Lassiter, Francis Murdoch, Frank Martin, Will Marrow, W. P. McDowell, John Pender, J. Rodgerson, J. C. Ruffin, Seth Speight, James Strickland, W. C. Sugg, James Satterthwaite, J. F. Shackelford, H. Taylor, James Tadlock, T. W. Thrash, C. C. Wallace, Alfred Wells.

—o—

THE DEVIL.

"You don't believe in the devil, do you?" Well, my friend, if you mean to ask if I believe in anything the devil says, my answer is no, for he is a natural liar; but if you mean to ask if I believe in the existence of the devil, my answer is yes, for I see some of his outrageous performances in the line of putting people up to sin all about me, and within me too, every day of my life.

Doubt of the existence of so obviously patent a thing as the devil is certainly skepticism run mad. But this poem shall continue the subject for me:

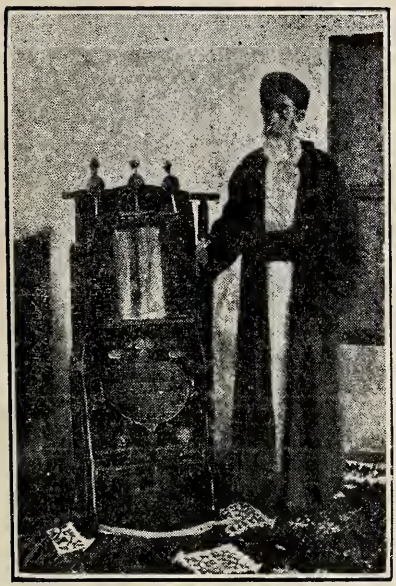
"Men don't believe in a devil now,
As their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed
To let his majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot,
Or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air today.
For the world has voted it so.

But who is mixing the fatal draft
That palsies heart and brain,
And loads the earth of each passing year
With ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land today
With the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't and never was?
Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint,
And digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the fields of time
Wherever God sows His wheat?
The devil is voted not to be,
And of course the thing is true:
But who is doing the kind of work
The devil alone should do?

We are told that he does not go about
As a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible
For the everlasting row.
To be heard in home, in Church, in State,
To the earth's remotest bound,
If the devil, by a unanimous vote,
Is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith,
And make his bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of the day spring up?
For surely we want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out,
And of course the devil is gone;
But simple people would like to know
Who carries his business on."



THE SAMARITAN HIGH-PRIEST.

The ancient sect of Samaritans is now represented by about one hundred and sixty people, living for the most part in the town of Nablous, or Shechem.

Though they are reduced in numbers to this beggarly remnant, they enjoy a privilege denied their rivals of old time, for while no orthodox Jew may set foot on the temple site on Mt. Zion, the Samaritans still offer their Passover lamb amidst the ruins of Sanballat's temple (Nehemiah 2: 10, 19) on Mt. Gerizim. Their high-priest is a venerable man, who sells postcards and relics in their dingy little synagogue, and exhibits for a small fee the famous Samaritan codex of the Pentateuch, the oldest manuscript of any portion of the Bible in existence. There seems to be general agreement among scholars that it is really of a date not later than the time of Christ.

I bought a card from the old high-priest, and made signs that he write his name across it with my pen, which he kindly did—"Jacob," in Arabic script. The picture above shows him standing beside the ancient book, in its beautiful 12th century engraved bronze case.

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THE BIBLE CLASS.

Fifty-three men were present at one or more of the four sessions of the Men's Bible Class during November.

4. J. B. Austin, M. A. Curtis, Z. N. Eppes, J. W. Forbes, Almon Hart, Frank Hart, Churchill Hodges, Paul McCabe, Ed Pennington, Joe Pennington, J. R. Pender, R. N. Taylor, Newet Webb, John A. Weddell, Sr., R. G. Kittrell, Hyman Philips, F. M. Carlisle.

3. W. S. Clark, O. Curry, J. H. Curry, James Tadlock.

2. E. H. Lewis, W. E. Moore, John H. Parker, William Strickland, Sr., William Strickland, Jr., James Strickland, Joe Varnell, Tom Varnell, Berry Thomas, Gus Harrell, Charlie Lassiter, Robert Lassiter.

1. J. A. Curry, J. R. Jones, Harvey Parker, Sherman Barr, Ollin Johnson, J. H. Holland, H. Taylor, Henry Johnson, J. L. Brown, W. E. Lukins, A. T. Walston, Dan Anderson, George Stallings, Joe Howard, Rufus Worsley, Lucius Conway, George Beach, Frank Martin, C. C. Wallace, Mack Bailey.

On the Sunday the Rector was absent in Farmville, Mr. R. G. Kittrell conducted the class, assisted by Mr. Newet Webb, and Mr. Hyman Philips.

THE STEREOPTICON.

An exhibition of the Jerusalem set of pictures was given at Enfield this month. All receipts over and above expenses were given to foreign missions.

Our Bible Class, which is studying the life of St. Paul, invited the parish to an illustrated lecture on St. Paul's missionary journeys, given in the Chapel. The slides rented for the occasion were extremely beautiful, and many were of present as well as of ancient interest, as they were of places in the theatre of the bloody war now raging in Macedonia. It happened that we saw many splendid scenes in Thessalonica, now Saloniki, on the very day our newspapers told us of the capture of the place by the Greek army.

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THE SURRENDERED LIFE.

[Rev. J. J. D. Hall, Superintendent of Galilee Rescue Mission, Philadelphia.]

Dealing with the number of men we do in Galilee Mission, we are driven to the last extremity in searching for a remedy for the awful havoc sin has made in their lives. Thank God, there is a remedy, and a perfect one!

This remedy is called by different names, by different classes of people, viz: "The yielded life," "the surrendered life," "the life of holiness." By this is meant the perfect standard of God in Christ. It gives complete victory over sin, and makes the Christian free from its power, in Christ. Many people go through life with a desultory war-fare going on within them, and are never quite able to get the victory. The Apostles were in much the same situation till after Pentecost, when we see them willing to face any danger in declaring the new power that had come into their lives—the power of the Holy Ghost.

The Church has put into the hands of her children the most complete statement of this teaching found anywheae—the baptismal office, in fact the whole Book of common prayer is saturated with it. Right in this book is where Wesley found the the truths that he wielded under God to bring is one of the mightiest revivals of true religion the world has ever witnessed. The first question in the baptismal office is, "Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works?" The answer is, "I renounce them all." What could be more complete! If we cannot renounce them all, the Church is at fault in asking us to do so. If we can and do not, we are in serious fault in refusing to do what God demands of us. Note the prayer, "Grant that all sinful affections may die in him and that all things belonging to the spirit may live and grow in him." Many would like to have the new life but do not desire the death unto sin necessary to get it. Again, "That he may crucify the old old man, and utterly abolish the whole body of sin." What could be stronger. Men and women are bound by the terrible chains of sin, and do not know how to get free. Jesus came to cast out the works of the devil, and He is just as able and willing to do it now, as He was in Galilee nearly two thousand years ago. When pulpits are manned by men who believe this; they will bring about conviction of sin, just as at Pentecost, and many times since.

Twelve humble fishermen, with no degrees of any kind, brought in a revival that swept the earth. It was not their eloquence or learning that did it, but God, in answer to their belief in the truth He sent them out to proclaim, salvation from sin through Jesus Christ. This truth has lost none of its power, the trouble is that it is not being proclaimed as it should be.

I have become convinced that this mighty change can take place in the life of a man in a moment, for I have witnessed it so many times in the past few years, that it is no longer a question for discussion. My only answer is, "Come and see."

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BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

The annual election of officers resulted in the reelection of Mr. Nash, Director, Mr. Forbes, Vice Director, and Mr. Clayton, Sec. and Treas. Mr. Horne was detailed to assist Mr. Frank Hart at Tarboro Cotton Mill Mission.

At the last meeting of the branch chapter at Fountain Mill, Mr. Offie Thomas and Mr. Sherman Barr were initiated. It is inspiring to hear the reports of personal work from the members of this branch. Every man of them is new in the service of the Master, yet He gives them all wisdom and courage and love to speak for Him, and provides the opportunity. Praise His Holy Name!

The Junior Chapter, with Churchill Hodges, Director, Arthur Barlowe, Vice-Director, and Goode Hendrix, Secretary and Treasurer, is doing faithful work.

CREDULITY.

"In an address before the British association for the advancement of science, of which he is the newly elected president, Prof Shafer startled his audience by the immensity of his claim that he can create human life. His statement, which is derided by the clergy, will compel the world to remodel all its ideas of life and death." *Associated Press.*

Now, just look at that! Christians modestly assert that Almighty God is able to restore the sin-wrecked soul, and the wise ones of earth shut their eyes to perfectly obvious facts, and deride the claim. Then when this king-pin of the scientists comes and says that as soon as ever he takes a notion he himself is going to create a brand-new soul, the scientific world is "startled."

"Blind guides, that strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel!"

—o—

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

"O, how wise and happy is he that now laboreth to be such a one in his life, as he wisheth to be found at the hour of death."

*

"He that can best tell how to suffer, will best keep himself in peace. That man is conqueror of himself, and Lord of the world, the friend of Christ, and heir of of heaven."

*

"Man looketh on the countenance, but God on the heart. Man considereth the deeds, but God readeth the intentions."

*

"My son, trouble not thyself with idle anxieties. What is this or that to thee? Follow thou Me."

THE OLD, SAD STORY.

"Unable to release himself from the thralldom of drink, and discharged from a clerical position held throughout his young life, William F. Wallin shot himself to death with a 32 Colt's revolver Thursday afternoon and was found yesterday morning at his room, 318 West Edenton street.

He had been dead more than twelve hours and suicide was manifest. Behind the self-destruction runs a story of uncommon pathos. But twenty-two years of age, he had acquired an unshakable habit which hung to him at every turn of his life. He held the confidence of his employers, the Messrs. Briggs, who employed him ten years ago and a father could not have wept more bitterly than did Mr. James A. Briggs yesterday when he learned the tragic story.

The unfortunate fellow tripped on the rugged road three years ago and becoming enslaved to drink, he was sent to the sanatorium. He was but little improved, but he had moral vision, and paid back the money to his benefactors who did their best for him. One of the terms of the return was good conduct and refraining from drink. The young man apparently did his best. He was occasionally away from duty and the old trouble was suspected. His devoted employers never docked him or scolded him. They pleaded with him and he never took or gave offense. He grew worse. Whiskey orders could be traced to Norfolk and the drink habit dogged his heels. He was again sent to the sanatorium and this time the terms were agreed upon. The Messrs. Briggs gave candid notice to him that repetition would mean a resignation of his position and that the next debauch would be attended by a voluntary stepping down and out.

To make the way easier for him, the employers put a bonus of $10 a month upon good behavior and sobriety, and dating from June it went into effect. They were then giving him a good salary. He struggled a day or two, perhaps a few weeks in all. It was an uneven fight, the good men offering inducements and prayers against the score of wayward boys and men preaching down their influence by their example. They knew where to stop. He was weaker."—*News and Observer, Oct. 11, 1912.*

Isn't that a pitiful story! The poor, poor boy!

*

Yet there was no need for him to despair, for God was perfectly willing and able to free him from his sin. He might have been sent, for instance, to Galilee Mission Philadelphia, where men whom God has rescued from the same evil case, would have showed him the way to freedom through the love and power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

*

It would be safe to assert that not one person out of fifty who reads that last paragraph believes a word of it, or would give the plan a trial even as a last desperate resort. Unbelief in God is the most immovably obstinate thing in human nature. Men will in their need try every scheme that human greed or ignorance suggests to them, with a fatuous credulity pitiful to see, yet after all human plans

have failed, they will not give God's plan a trial!

*

How can any kind-hearted man read that sad story of weakness and agony and despair, and not be moved to tears! Yet many men whose sympathy is stirred easily by every other kind of suffering, whose indignation rises quickly at any other kind of wrong, whose money flows out readily to relieve any other kind of distress, are callous as stone towards tragedies such as this. In their eyes drink is a harmless pleasure and drunkenness but an amusing *contretemps* that sometimes overtakes a gentleman; the earnest efforts of other men to avert such dreadful disasters as this seem to them fanaticism, and other men's horror at such things but silly sentimentality. Many men who would not willingly hurt man, woman or child in any other way, would have given drink to this poor boy at the very moment when his life depended on the issue of his struggle.

*

In this connection, I want to make a request of my church members. Please believe me when I assert that in what I am about to say, I have no particular person in mind. So many have occasioned this request of mine, that no one person should feel aggrieved. Here is the request —If you are a communicant of Calvary Church, and desire to support your Rector loyally, and to obey the Word of God faithfully, and to give no occasion for criticism of your Christianity, and do no harm to any man, please—*please*—PLEASE—do not serve drinks that make men drunk at receptions in your homes!

—o—

UNBELIEF.

Why do not more people accept God's offer of salvation, if it is true? Look at it this way— Mr. Edison began his career by inventing something he knew was needed. It was an automatic, quick-acting vote-recording machine, to be used by legislatures and town councils. He spent months in perfecting it, put all his money in it, and then found there was no market for it when it was finished. The last thing on earth politicians wanted was that sort of a machine. It was needed because it was good and honest and true, but for the same reason it was not desired. Just so, a really true and effective plan of salvation is the very last thing desired by men who love their sins so much they don't want to be saved from them.

*

Why do men of great intellect attack the Christian religion? No such men have ever attacked it. For instance, for argument's sake, the Gospel must be true or not true, one or the other. Well, if true, then the man who attacks it must have an inferior mind, not capable of grasping the truth; if not true, then a really great mind, after exposing its falsity would go on and discover a true substitute for it, which none have ever even pretended to do.

*

Why is it wicked for a Christian not to teach men to be Christians, while it is equally wicked for an infidel to teach men to be infidels? Because the

Christian, if right in his belief, confers an inestimable benefit on mankind, and if wrong, he does no harm; while an infidel, if wrong, inflicts infinite harm upon mankind, and if right, he does no good.

*

Many a Christian is glad to forsake all he holds dear on earth to carry his faith to them who know it not, while no infidel ever forsook home and country to teach his views to other men. If the Christian's faith gives him such peace that he longs to share it with other men, while the infidel's philosophy gives him no such peace, does that not prove that in Christ lies the true life of man?

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SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED SINCE LAST ISSUE.

Tarboro, N. C.—David Cooper, Mrs. M. J. Cobb, M. A. Curtis, Mrs. R. E. L. Cook, Mrs. G. C. Gladstone, Mrs. J. D. Hargrove, F. B. Lloyd, F. J. Murdoch, Mrs. R. E. L. Pitt, L. L. Staton, J. C. Parker, Miss Mattie Shackelford, Mrs. Henry Harrell.

Wilmington, N. C.—M. A. Curtis, Jr.

Rosemary, N. C.—Miss Myrtle Lewis.

Enfield, N. C.—E. L. Whitehead, L. V. Owen.

Durham, N. C.—Rev. T. L. Trott.

Salisbury, N. C.—Mrs. F. J. Murdoch.

Spray, N. C.—Rev. W. J. Gordon.

Selma, Ala.—Rev. E. W. Gamble.

Forkland, Ala.—A. Y. Glover.

Union Springs, Ala.—Miss Annie Hobdy.

Benton, Ala.—Mrs. Kate M. Leslie.

Bay Minette, Ala.—Rev. S. D. Palmer.

Uniontown, Ala.—Judge W. H. Tayloe.

Atlanta, Ga.—Miss Mary Jones.

Piscataway, Md.—Rev. C. J. Curtis.

Monroe, La.—R. R. McCord.

—o—

ELECTION NEWS.

"Nov. 7. The prohibition amendment to the constitution carried in West Virginia by sixty thousand majority."

You may have overlooked that little item in the great mass of what seemed to you more important election news. But really it was the happiest result of all the voting on Nov. 5, for the reduction of the consumption of liquor in one state means more good to a greater number than the reduction of the tariff over all the Union. Indeed, a great many men for whose opinion we have much respect do not believe that the reduction of the tariff is a good thing, but no man for whose opinion anybody has any respect believes that the reduction of the consumption of liquor is a bad thing.

*

But do prohibition laws really and truly reduce the consumption of liquor? Why, no, of course not! How in the name of sense can a law do anything! A law is nothing but some words printed in a book! But when once in awhile there happens to be a set of officials honest enough and brave enough to enforce obedience to these laws, then the consumption of liquor is powerfully reduced.

BAPTISMS AND CONFIRMATIONS FROM MAY, 1909, TO MAY, 1912, IN THE TEN LEADING PARISHES OF THE DIOCESE.

Church	Adult Baptisms	Infant Baptisms	Total Baptisms	Confirmations
St. Peter's, Charlotte	7.	63.	72.	70.
St. Philip's, Durham	21.	50.	71.	83.
Holy Innocent's, Henderson	5.	22.	37.	47.
Messiah, Mayodan	23.	31.	54.	56.
Christ, Raleigh	9.	39.	48.	58.
Good Shepherd. Raleigh	10.	50.	60.	48.
St Saviour's, Raleigh	24.	69.	93.	26.
Good Shepherd, Rocky Mount	20.	38.	58.	44.
St. Luke's, Spray	26.	6.	32.	33.
Calvary, Tarboro	66.	70.	136.	104.

LORD BACON.

"Why should the word Lie be such an odious charge? Because to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say, as that he is brave towards God, and a Coward towards Men."

*

"Certainly, in taking Revenge, a Man is but even with his Enemy; but in passing it over he is Superiour: for it is a Prince's part to Pardon."

*

"Certainly, Vertue is like pretious Odours, most fragrant when they are crushed, for Prosperity doth best develop Vice; but Adversity doth best develop Vertue."

*

"They that deny God, destroy Man's Nobility: for certainly Man is of kinne to the Beasts by his Body; and if, he be not of kinne to God by his spirit, he is a Base and Ignoble Creature."

*

"It is true that a little Philosophy inclineth Man's Minde to Atheisme, but depth in Philosophy, bringeth Mens' Mindes about to Religion."

RUM AND ROBBERY.

Seventeen Violent Deaths During September.

Startling Showing of City Registrar of Vital Statistics.

"Seventeen violent deaths, seven of them homicides, occurred in Birmingham during the month of September, according to the monthly report of the health department."—Ledger, Birmingham, Ala., Oct. 14.

Statistics, as usual, do not say how many of these deaths were due to liquor, but it goes without saying that most of them were, as well as a large number of other deaths directly due to pneumonia, typhoid, and tuberculosis.

Five years ago I was walking along one of the principal residence streets of Birmingham, Ala., at ten o'clock in the evening. A man stepped out from behind a tree and thrust a pistol in my face with the command, "Your money or your life!" quite according to approved custom in such cases. Another man ran up behind me and threw one arm around my neck, and searched my pockets with the other hand. I had some new crisp, bills in a

small card case, together with a number of checks and receipts. Hastily examining these in the dark, he exclaimed disgustedly, "This man hasn't got any money!" Upon this, the man with the pistol ordered me to move on. "If you don't want that card case, I'd be obliged if you would hand it back," I said. "Certainly! Give the gentleman his card case," said the courteous gunman. And so, after a few remarks upon the immorality of their profession, to which they listened about as obediently as men generally do to sermons, I left them with all my money safe.

Now, the point of that long story is this—The highway robber says "Your money *or* your life!" and sometimes get neither. Liquor says "Your money *and* your life," and sooner or later gets both.

—o—

RICH MEN.

The Lord said "how hardly shall a rich man enter the Kingdom of Heaven," and ordinary observation now shows us plainly what He meant. Rarely does a man get rich without growing more suspicious, more selfish, more secretive, more timid, and more worried. In other words, he acquires with wealth, habits of mind and heart directly contrary to those belonging to the dwellers in the Kingdom of Heaven. There is only one way by which the man so unfortunate as to have more money than he needs may enter and stay in the Kingdom of peace and trust and love, and that is by being a Christian. Jesus can let him in! And when he does come in through the love of Jesus, there is great joy there, for such as he come seldom.

"Once, at the self-same point of time,
Two mortals passed from earth:
One was a king of caste sublime,
But base the other's birth.
And each had led a stainless life
Amid this sinful planet's strife.

Upward their spirits took their flight
Enfranchised and elate,
Till soon they reached the realms of light
And paused at Eden's gate,
Where, waiting them, with joy they see
The Fisherman of Galilee.

He opened the gate, one lustrous stone,
And ushered in the king,
While the poor peasant, left alone,
Heard songs of welcoming,
And strains of harps, divinely sweet,
Poured forth the royal guest to greet.

The music ceased, the Heavenly Guide
Flung back the gate again
And bade the peasant at his side
Join the seraphic train;
But, strange to say, no Angels sang,
No harps through Heaven symphonious rang!

'O Saint revered!' the peasant cried,
'Why chant no choirs for me
As for yon monarch in his pride?
Am I less dear than he?
Can aught but equity have birth
Here, in high Heaven, as on earth?'

'My son,' the Saint replied, 'thou art
As dear as kingly clay;
But men like thee, of lowly heart,
Come hither every day—
While Dives at the gate appears
Once only in a hundred years!'"

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TEXTS FOR PERSONAL WORKERS.

In presenting the Lord Jesus Christ to unsaved souls, and pressing upon them the acceptance of Him as their Saviour, no argument of your own can possibly be so strong as an appropriate text from God's Holy Word. You should always carry in your pocket a New Testament, and be

able quickly to turn to the passage God intends to apply to that particular soul's need. If besides reading or quoting it to him, you can induce him to read it for himself, a very powerful impression will nearly always be made upon him. No matter how indifferent the most hardened may pretend to be, a pointed quotation from the Bible, quickly found and calmly presented, will touch him, often much more than he cares to admit. You see, every man today has behind him forty generations of ancestors who looked to the Bible as their sole authority upon God's will and love for them, and so the instincts he inherits from these Christian forbears fight for you when you confront him with the sacred words. Besides that, God often blesses with success your trust in His words rather than your own. "For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Heb. 4:12.

The following passages are recommended for the different kinds of unsaved souls with whom you usually meet :

1. Those who have no concern about their souls. Rom. 14:12. Mat. 22:37,38. Heb. 11:6. 2 Thess. 1:7-9. Rev. 20:15. John 3:16.

2. Those who say, "I am too great a sinner." 1 Tim. 1:15. Matt. 9:12, 13. Rom. 5:6, 7.

3. Those who say, "I must be good before I come to Christ." Matt. 9:12, 13. Luke, 18:10-14. Luke 15:18-24.

4. Those who say "I am afraid I could not hold out." Jude 24. 1 Peter 1:5. John 10:28, 29. 1 Cor. 10:13.

5. Those who say "I cannot give up my sinful habits." Gal. 6:7, 8. Phil. 4:13. John 8:36. 2 Cor. 12:9. Heb. 4:16.

6. Those who say, "I have sought Christ, but could not find Him." Luke 19:10.

7. Those who say, "It is too late." John 6:37. Rom. 10:13. 2 Peter 3:9. Rev. 22:17.

8. Those who say, "I cannot understand the plan of salvation." John 7:17.

9. Those who say, "There are too many hypocrites in the Church." Rom. 14:12. 2 Cor. 5:10. John 21:22.

10. Those who say, "I am good enough already." Gal. 2:16. Luke 16:15. Rom. 2:16.

11. Those who say, "God is too good to damn me." Rom. 2:4, 5, 6. 2 Pet. 3:9-11. John 5:40. Matt. 25:41-46.

12. Unbelievers. 1 Cor. 1:18. 2 Cor. 4:3-4. 1 Cor. 2:14. John 7:17. John 20:31. Rom. 3:3-4.

13. Doubters of Christ's Divinity. 1 John 5:10-12. J John 5:1-5. 1 John 2:22-23.

14. Those who wish to put off their decision till another time. Matt. 25:10-12. Luke 12,19. 20. John 7:33. Matt. 24:44.

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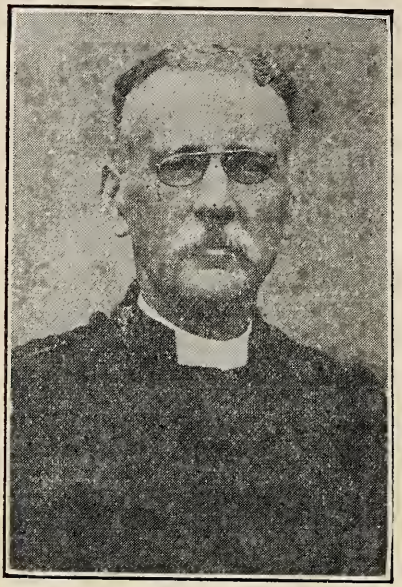
THE PARISH PRIEST OF AUSTERLITZ.

"The parish priest of Austerlitz
Climbed up in a high church steeple,
To be nearer God, so he could hand
God's word down to his people.

So he wrote each week in sermon script,
What he thought was sent from Heaven,
And poured it down on his people's head,
Two times one day in seven.

At last God said, 'Come down and die.'
And he cried out from the steeple,
'Where art Thou Lord?' And the Lord replied,
'Down here among my people.' "



REV. WILSON CARLILE.

On a Sunday in London I attended Morning Prayer in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. As a North Carolinian, a tablet bearing the following inscription had special interest for me—

UNDER YE CHANCEL OF THIS CHURCH WAS INTERRED YE BODY OF YE GREAT SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KT., ON YE DAY HE WAS BEHEADED IN OLD PALACE YARD, WESTMINSTER, OCT. 29, ANNO DOMINI 1618.

But soon the preacher in the chancel claimed a larger share of my attention than did the gallant Knight beneath it. Before he spoke a dozen words I knew he was preaching a present, living Christ, able and willing to save from sin to holiness—a miracle-working Christ, whose power he had himself seen in his own life, and the lives of redeemed men around him. I heard two other such sermons in England. One was from Mrs. Bramwell Booth, wife of Gen. Booth's son, in a Salvation Army Hall, and the other was from a poor old peddler bearing testimony to his Saviour's power in Hyde Park one Sunday afternoon.

As soon as St. Margaret's service was over, I asked the preacher's name, and was told that he was Prebendary Carlile, head of the Church Army. I went around to the vestry door, and introduced myself to him. He was in a great hurry, as a man must be who is about his Master's business, so inviting me to lunch with him next day at Army headquarters, he dashed on to some other appointment.

The Church Army is an organization in the English Church, engaged in carrying the Gospel to the outcast and lost all over the British Isles. The headquarters building was an immense place, humming like a hive with strenuous activity in the many departments of Army work. A large number of members of the Army ate lunch with us, and at the close Prebendary Carlile asked me to tell them something about Christian work in this country. After saying a little about our parish, I began to describe Galilee Mission, Philadelphia, and to tell of the miracles of God worked there every day, and naturally kept talking on that subject till the time for midday prayers obliged me to suspend. One of the workers present was so much interested that shortly afterwards he came over to this country, and spend some time in Galilee Mission, studying its methods.

—o—

"If all the members
Were just like me,
What kind of a church
Would my church be?"

SEE

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The Christian Worker

ORGAN OF CALVARY PARISH, TARBORO, N. C.

ISSUED MONTHLY. |||| JANUARY 1913 |||| PRICE, 50 cents a year

REV. BERTRAM E. BROWN, Editor.

MISS LALLAH HUSSEY, Business Manager

KALENDAR FOR JANUARY

1. Circumcision
   Ante-Communion, in Chapel 10:00 A. M.
5. Second Sunday after Christmas
   Holy Communion 11:00 A. M.
   Evening Prayer 7:45 P. M.
   Service County Home 3:30 P. M.
6. Epiphany
   Ante-Communion, in Chapel 10:00 A. M.
12. First Sunday after Epiphany
   Holy Communion 7:30 A. M
   Morning Prayer 11:00 A. M.
   Evening Prayer 7:45 P. M.
   Service Tarboro Cotton Factory 3:30 P. M.
19. Septuagesima
   Holy Communion 7:30 A. M.
   Morning Prayer 11:00 A. M.
   Evening Prayer 7:45 P. M.
   Service Parker's Mission 3:00 P. M.
   Evening Prayer, Grace, Lawrence, 4:00 P. M.
25. Conversion of St. Paul
   Ante-Communion, in Chapel 10:00 A. M.
26. Sexagesima
   Holy Communion 7:30 A. M.
   Morning Prayer 11:00 A. M.
   Evening Prayer 7:45 P. M.
   Evening Prayer, St. Mary's, Speed, 3:00 P. M.

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TARBORO, N. C.

The Christian Worker

"As Workers Together With Him"

Vol. 1 TARBORO, N. C., JANUARY, 1913 No. 4

"Entered as second-class matter October 19th, 1912, at the post office at Tarboro, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879."

Think About This!

The most ingenious suggestion was made the other day that druggists attach a bell to every bottle of poison they sell, so that people may be warned when they pick up the bottle in the dark, or the mother may hear and come running when a child gets hold of the bottle. That is a good idea, isn't it? Well, when you demand that the Church say no more about Hell, and quit rebuking sin, and stop offending men by attacking drink and gambling, dear friend, are you not only refusing to put the bell on, but asking besides that the skull and crossbones be removed, and a label attached, reading "Harmless. Essence of Peppermint"!

Some sailors were once wrecked on a desert beach. They did not know but that it was an island of savages and cannibals, who would kill them on sight. Then one of them climbed a tree, and at once cried out joyfully, "We are all right—I see a church steeple!" He knew by that cross-topped spire that they would find law and order and love and safety. While you and yours, dear friend, enjoy the fruits of Christian civilization, don't you think it would be a seemly and decent and manly thing to do, to come and identify yourself with the Cause of Christ!

Short Sermons.

Believing on Jesus—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Acts, 16:31.

It is like this—You see an elevator in a building, and you believe it is; you see it working perfectly, and you believe in it; then you get *on* it, and it takes you up where you want to go. So believe Jesus—believe in Jesus—believe *on* Jesus. Commit yourself absolutely, utterly, to Him, and He will lift you away from sin into the Kingdom of God.

All Included—"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. 22:17.

It is as if the Lord Jesus told His servant St. John to issue an invitation before the Book was closed that included everybody. So St. John said, "The Spirit and the bride say, Come." "Some may not understand that—make it plainer." "Let him that heareth say, Come." "Some may not hear—make it wider." "Let him that is athirst, Come." Some may not know they thirst—make it broader." "Whosoever will, let

him take the water of life freely." God Himself could make it no broader than "Whosoever will." If he had called your own name, you could not have been sure he did not mean some other man of the same name. But "Whosoever will," includes YOU. Why don't you come?

—o—

SO ALSO.

When the devils were driven into the swine, they ran into the sea and were drowned. Even a hog would'nt live with the devil in him. So also is a man's life worthless with the devil in it. Be as particular as a pig, and refuse to harbor Satan in your heart any longer. Come and let Jesus cast him out.

*

Two drunken men got in a boat at night, with the intention of rowing to their camp some miles down the river. They rowed all night, and when day broke found they had not moved an inch — they had forgotten to untie from the bank. So also, one single sinful habit will keep you from getting onwards in God's grace. Cast off from the shores of sin, sever every connection. and float freely onward down the River of Life.

*

You may knock all night at the lodge door, but unless you have been initiated as a Mason or as an Oddfellow, you cannot get in. You might insist that you were as good as they—you might say the initiatory rites were useless—yet you would find that you could only be admitted on their terms, not on yours. So also, must you enter the Kingdom of Heaven on God's terms, not on yours. Saying you are good enough won't admit you. Repentance and baptism are God's terms. You had better accept them.

—o—

ABBAS I, KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

The government of Egypt seems to be a complicated sort of a proposition. The country is nominally a part of the Turkish Empire, and pays an annual tribute to the Sultan at Constantinople, yet the Turks could not even march troops across Egyptian soil during the recent war in Tripoli. An English army is camped right down in the heart of the country, and an attempt on the part of the natives some years ago to have their own way was suppressed in blood and ashes by the English, yet every government act is in the name of the Khedive, and when I attempted to pay for some pictures

in the state museum at Cairo with an English shilling, it was as scornfully refused as if it had been counterfeit.

Anyway, no matter who really is king, the man whom the Egyptians call their ruler is a very nice looking young man, named Abbas I. I was sitting on the piazza of the Continental Hotel in Cairo, when he came riding by in a carriage, with soldiers galloping along beside him. He touched his fez now and then in salute, and looked about him pleasantly at the people, who cheered him as if they were very well pleased with him. He lives very happily with one wife, most unlike a Moslim ruler, and altogether conducts himself more like his actual overlord, King George V., than like his nominal master, Sultan Mohammed V.

—o—

MORE THAN CONQUERORS.

There is a great painting called "The Conquerors," which shows the mighty soldier Kings and Emperors of history marching in a stately column, their war-horses trampling over the bodies of myriads of dead men slain in battle. In the forefront one recognizes Napoleon and Caesar and Alexander and Tamerlane and Zenghis and Attila; and then the faces become indistinguishable as the long, grim line reaches back into the remotest past.

One wishes that some great artist would paint a companion picture to this, and call it "The More than Conquerors." ("We are more than conquerors through him that loved us." Rom. 8:37.) In the van should ride the Lord Jesus Christ upon His lowly beast, while following Him, with staff and scrip, should come St. Paul and St. Peter, Athanasius and Chrysostom, Augustine and Ambrose, Columba and Patrick, Anselm and Francis of Assissi, Wickliffe and Huss, Luther and Calvin, Latimer, Ridley, Loyola, Xavier, Wesley, Brainerd, Henry Martin, Heber, —and all the noble army of those who fought with the sword of the Spirit to save mankind from sin and Satan. Instead of dead bodies, hosts of redeemed souls of men should give them glad acclaim as they march along.

"I saw the conquerors riding by
With trampling feet of horse and men;
Empire on empire like the tide
Flooded the world and ebbed again;

I saw the conquerors riding by
Splashing through loathsome floods of war;
The Crescent leaning o'er its hosts,
And the barbaric scimitar;

And continents of moving spears,
And storms of arrows in the sky,
And all the instruments sought out
By cunning men that men may die!

I saw the conquerors riding by
With cruel lips and faces wan;
Musing on kingdoms sacked and burned
There rode the Mongol, Genghis Khan;

And Alexander, like a god,
Who sought to weld the world in one;
And Caesar with his laurel-wreath;
And, leaping full of hell, the Hun;

And, leading like a star the van,
Heedless of outstretched arm and groan,
Inscrutable Napoleon went.
Dreaming of empire and alone.

Then all they perished from the earth
As fleeting shadows from a glass,
And conquering down the centuries.
Came Christ, the swordless, on an ass!"

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GOING TO CHURCH.

There appeared recently in the Atlantic Monthly an article entitled, "Should Smith go to church?", occasioned by the habitual absence from church of such a large proportion of American men of today. The article called forth several letters which were published in subsequent issues, and these letters and the original article also, contained much that was quite idle and futile and foolish about why Smith would not go to church, and what the church should do to induce him to go. At last a letter came from Smith himself—an unusually intelligent, candid and fearless Smith—which ended the whole discussion. He said he did not go to church simply because he was not a Christian.

Every regular attendant at church is not necessarily a Christian, of course, for now and then, some motives other than true faith bring people regularly to church; but on the contrary, every man who never or seldom attends church is certainly not a converted man. He is an unredeemed sinner, and one need seek no further for a reason for his not feeling it either a duty or a pleasure to worship God in God's Holy Church.

When asked why he does not go to church not one man in a hundred, however, admits that it is because he is not a converted man. Sometimes he says he knows he ought to go, and if it is a minister who asks him, generally promises to go next Sunday, but in most cases, does not go. The great majority, however, give excuses, sometimes commonplace, sometimes unique. Here are some of the answers I have received myself or heard of from others, given by men here who do not attend church—"I work so hard during the week I am too tired on Sunday." "I do not like Mr. Brown's views on drinking and selling whiskey." "I went once and was asked to get up and give my seat to a lady." "Public worship has a depressing effect on me." "I heard a preacher in Elizabeth City once say something about a man that was not true." "The sermon is too long." "The service is too long." "I looked through a crack at a certain house and saw two members of the church playing poker." "Some church members will not speak to me on the streets." "Church goers do not do as much good in Tarboro as men who never go to church." "I have to play with my grandchild." "I have cut religion out of my life." "I am not able to pay anything." "The man who does more good in Tarboro than any other man seldom goes to church, so I don't go either." "I can't go that long without smoking." "It will not do me any good." "I am too sleepy on Sundays." "Christian men are always after my money." I have my reasons which I refuse to give to any man." "The Oddfellow's Lodge is church enough for me." "I cannot pull off my

coat in church." "I went to a church once where the man who passed the plate was one I had no confidence in." "There are too many poor folks in the church." "There are too many rich folks in the church."

Now, it is perfectly plain that not a single one of these reasons is sufficient to keep any living man from going anywhere he really feels it to his profit or his pleasure to go. A converted man, one who has been saved from sin by the love and power of Jesus Christ, and who has continued to receive help and comfort from Him, and who has found peace and joy in serving the Lord for the good of his fellowman, loves to go to church and feels it is his duty to go. It is a pleasure for him to worship his Saviour. He loves to hear His Gospel read, and His word explained. He takes delight in singing his Saviour's praises, and he feels himself blessed by his Saviour in prayer and sacrament. It is sweet for him to meet in love and peace with his brothers and sisters in the Lord. He sees that the Church is God's organized method for helping men towards righteousness from sin and evil, and it is both a joy and a privilege to give his influence and labor to the Church therefore. But an unconverted man naturally finds all such things meaningless to him. He is not to be blamed at all for not enjoying what is tiresome to him. What the Church should do is to carry the Gospel to him as far as possible, since he will not come to hear it. By personal appeal, and good example, all Christians should tell him of the peace and glory that awaits him in the salvation of Jesus Christ.

Two ways of treating him are contemptible and mean. 1. The Church should not abuse him. 2. The Church should not modify her Master's truth, or compromise with sin, to please him. The first method fails in love to man, the second fails in loyalty to God, and it is because of one mistake or the other that the Church is troubled now over the problem of her weakness.

There are fifty men nominally members of our Church here who never put foot in church from year to year. God knows I do not blame them. I understand thoroughly that they are to be saved, not abused, for they are sinners for whom Christ died. In every way we can, we try to carry the Lord to them in love—to them and to those hundreds besides among us who have never been Church members—and many who were once as indifferent to God as they, are now happy, working, loving Christians, through the power of God! Praise His Holy Name!

—o—

A COINCIDENCE.

Recently I received a letter from Tokio, Japan, signed Hikogoro Kobayashi, and containing this line,—"I got the message you sent through Sugai, from Buffalo."

Hikogoro Kobayashi is a Japanese who roomed next door to me at college twenty years ago, and with whom I enjoyed a very warm and to me helpful friendship.

Last Fall, in Buffalo, N. Y., while I sat at dinner in a restaurant, a Japanese boy came in and took his seat beside me. I entered into conversation with him, and soon asked him if he

was a Christian. He replied that he was, and that he had been converted through the teaching of a Japanese Christian in Tokio by the name of Hikogoro Kobayashi.

Think now, of the myriads of chances against that meeting. There are forty million people in Japan, there are ninety million in this country, and twelve thousand miles of land and sea lie between Kobayashi and me. Yet one who has been led by him to the Blessed Lord in that far off Empire comes and sits down to dinner by my side in a city of half a million people, where I am staying for only three days! We had a good talk together about Christ, and he told me much of my dear friend, and as it appears, took messages from me to him. One's mind, as well as one's heart, finds it a much easier and lovelier course to say of such things, "God did it!" than to say "It just happened."

—o—

UNBELIEF.

Unbelief has a right to challenge the claims of the Christian, and ask him for proof. The Christian is always ready to give it, but he on his part, has a right to ask that the conditions necessary for the proof be fulfilled. It is just as if a doctor said to a patient, "My treatment will cure your disease." The patient has a right to say "Prove it." Then the doctor has a counter right to demand that the patient take his medicine in the manner prescribed, eat the ordered diet, and do everything he says. If the patient is unwilling to do that, he certainly has no right, in logic or justice, to go about saying the doctor's treatment is a failure.

The Christian says that Christ will give a man assurance of sins forgiven, freedom from the power of sin, a new heart pure where the old one was corrupt, peace and joy, love for his fellowmen, deep, abiding certainty of the Gospel's truth, and wonderful answers to his prayers. Someone says "Prove it." The Christian replies, "I will. Surrender to Christ, put your trust in Him, be willing to be freed from every taint of sin, stand up boldly before men and profess Christ, be baptized in His name, be faithful in all Christ's demands upon you, and you will know that all I say is true." Not an one of these conditions is impossible to any man. Now, if a man will not fulfill them, he should not say a word against the truth of Christ.

*

A famous evangelist, Dr. Godell, was preaching not long ago the power of Christ to save. A man rose up in the congregation, in passionate earnest as all could see, and said, "Mister, I am just out of jail. I have been a crook and jail-bird all my life, and I am sick and tired of it all. If you mean that there is somebody who can give me a new heart so that I can live straight and resist sin and be a good man, I am ready for it. But if you are just talking through your hat, say so and let me go." The evangelist said, "My friend, I certainly believe I am preaching the truth. Do you fulfill Christ's conditions, and if He doesn't do what He says, I will never preach again as long as I live." So the man stepped up on the chancel, and under Dr. Godell's directions, made his confession to God and man, and accepted Christ as his Saviour. "Now,

my brother," the Doctor said, "do you go home, and give yourself twenty-four hours to make sure. Come back tomorrow night and tell us how it is." Next night an enormous congregation gathered, but an hour, two hours, passed and the man did not come. At last, the door burst open and he rushed in, panting for breath, but with joy and peace shining in his face. "Go on and preach, Mister!" he shouted. "It's all right! If the car hadn't broke down, I'd have been here sooner!"

Some one asked Dr. Godell if he was not taking a terrible risk, staking his future in the ministry upon such a chance. He replied that he did not consider he was risking anything at all, for he knew his Saviour would do as He said.

The failure of the Church of Christ to reach men today is due to the fact that it does not hold out a miracle-working God to men in deep, implicit faith. As Jesus answered His Apostles, so would He answer now—Why cannot we cast the devils out? "Because of your unbelief." (St. Matt. 17:20.)

—o—

FAITH.

Saving faith is confidence in Jesus, a direct, confidential transaction with Him.—*Fuller.*

Faith in Jesus Christ is a saving grace, whereby we receive and rest upon Him alone for salvation, as He is offered to us in the Gospel.—*Westminster Catechism.*

When you have given yourself to Christ, leave yourself there and go about your work as a child in His household.—*Robinson.*

Faith is a simple trust in a personal Redeemer. The simpler our trust in Christ for all things, the surer our peace.—*William Adams.*

I have taken my good deeds and my bad deeds and thrown them together in a heap and fled from them both to Christ, and in Him I have peace.—*Dickens.*

If you feel sincerely sorry on account of your sins, and believe that Christ is able and willing to forgive you, the work is done. You may trust with all the confidence of a child who confesses his fault, and casts himself into his father's arms. This is faith, a simple trust in the power and willingness of the father to forgive, for the sake of what Christ, the Son, has done.—*Prime.*

You must cast yourself on God's Gospel with all your weight, without any hanging back, without any doubt, without even the shadow of a suspicion that it will give way.—*Maclaren.*

We come, in our trust, unto God, and the moment we so embrace Him, by committing our total being and eternity to Him, we find that everything is transformed. There is life in us from God; a kind of Christ consciousness is opened in us, testifying with the Apostle, "Christ liveth in me!"—*Bushnell.*

—o—

GIVE IT TIME.

As liquor had free sway for several thousand years, you ought to be willing to give prohibition a chance for at least thirty years, or one generation, to establish and prove itself. Here

is the result of it for that length of time in Kansas.

"Mr. John S. Dawson, the Attorney-General of Kansas recently wrote: The test of the value of prohibition is the net result for Kansas in thirty years. With 105 counties in the State, 87 of them have no insane; 96 have no inebriates, and the few we do have come from the cities which defied the law to the very last. Thirty-eight poor farms have no inmates. Sixty-five counties have no prisoners serving sentences. Some counties have not called a grand jury in ten years, and a grand jury is so uncommon that half of our people wouldn't know what it is. In my home county in Western Kansas, there has been but one grand jury and that was twenty-five years ago. The consumption of liquor has been reduced, until now (according to statistics) the average Kansan drinks only $1.48 worth a year. Thirty years ago he had $29.60 worth of strong drink, and in the neighboring state of Missouri at present the average consumption is $24 worth a year."—*Nov. World's Work.*

Do you fully appreciate that last statement? In Kansas, where there has been prohibition for thirty years only $1.48 worth of liquor per capita is consumed in a year; in Missouri, adjoining, where state-wide prohibition has been always voted down, for every man, woman and child, $24 worth of liquor is consumed every year! I am biassed in favor of prohibition maybe, but if it did not come from such good authority, I could scarcely believe that assertion!

—o—

THE BEST KNOWLEDGE.

One who knows the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, even if he cannot read and write, is a far more learned man than the profoundest scholar who knows Him not. That is a literal and practical fact. One can call to mind men and women whose worldly education amounts to nothing, and yet who through Jesus have learned to be contented, happy, useful, unselfish, and pure. Now, does it not stand to reason that those people have received an education of infinitely greater value to themselves and the human race, than others who with much other kind of knowledge, have not learned enough to keep them from being vicious, or miserable, or cynical, or selfish, or hateful, or idle?

To be sure it is better to be a Christian who has a trained mind than one whose mind has been neglected, but nevertheless the most ignorant Christian knows more than the wisest and most learned sinner. Yes—"This is life eternal, to know Thee, the the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent!" The man born, blind whom Jesus healed, knew more than the Pharisees about the power and love and truth of God, and the Saviour whom God had sent.

"They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad and wise,
Beneath their wide phylacteries.
The wisdom of the East was theirs.
And honor crowned their silver hairs;
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath day
And what the Christ had done for him—
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim."

Abram Harb.

On the borders of Samaria and Galilee there lies the town of Janeen, a fanatical Moslim village of a thousand people, with only one Christian. The Rev. Mr. Trott and myself reached it late one Saturday evening last winter, and stayed until Monday morning. It seemed at first as if we should be obliged to pass one blessed Lord's day without saying a word for the Lord Jesus Christ. But we learned Saturday night that at Burkin, a little village on a mountain top four or five miles back from the main line of travel, two English ladies had for many years carried on a Christian school and mission. Knowing that they would be glad to see a Christian's face, and hear the kindly English tongue, we determined to go and see them. So securing the services of a Moslim boy named Mahmoud, early Sunday morning we set out.

Our way lay across flower-strewn plains, through rocky mountain defiles, and up steep mountain sides. We passed many wild Arabs on donkeys and afoot, with long guns across their backs, who scowled at us in sullen wonder. Mahmoud couldn't speak a word of English, and for awhile we rather wished we were safe at home.

At last we reached Burkin, and were most kindly received by the two ladies, and their good old Syrian catechist, Abram Harb. After celebrating the Holy Communion, and receiving a sweet blessing through that gracious sacrament, we ate breakfast with the two ladies, and met with their faithful Christians in their Sunday morning worship. Abram Harb conducted the service, and preached to them in Arabic. Then I preached in English, while he interpreted for them, sentence by sentence. "Tell that Mahmoud to come in here," I said, "he shall hear the Gospel this day, if he never hears it again," and Mahmoud came in and listened.

Now, here is a sequel to that adventure of ours on that Sunday

morning among the Samaritan hills. Abram Harb has a son, a good boy, who deserves his chance for an education, but he has no means to secure it. So Mr. Trott and I have raised the money to send him to school, my part of it being the result of my exhibition of stereopticon views of the Holy Land. Here are letters from the old catechist, and the Quaker missionary who teaches the school which his son attends—

Burkeen, Jenien, Syria, Palestine
Oct. 22, 1912.

Rev. Mr. Brown,

Dear Sir:

I got your kind letter and am greatly indebted to you and Mr. Trott for your kindness. I cannot explain my gratitude in words as my heart means it.. .... I cannot reward you, but I earnestly pray the God of all mercy and goodness to reward you a hundredfold here, and give you everlasting life in the world to come. You cannot imagine the joy that we were in when we got your letter telling us that you have sent the money for the fee of the school. It is God's Providence..... I hope that my boy may be God's child and I hope that we may meet around the throne of Christ, and be happy there forever with Him.

I am again sending you another piece of needlework for Mrs. Brown. I hope she will be glad to get it. It is another present from Ruzena, my daughter.

I hope to hear from you again. I end with many salaams to your lady, and the ladies and my wife and children too send their salaams to you.

I remain yours in Christ,
ABRAM HARB.

Ramallah, Jerusalem, Palestine,
November 4, 1912.

Rev Bertram E. Brown,

My dear Sir:

Your letter arrived several days ago and the money only last week. The money came two weeks later than the letter. Mr. Harb's boy is in school and is doing good work. He has I think the making of a good man and is worth the money spent on his education. An education will mean very much to the boys of this country for without it their case is rather hopeless. Permit me to thank you in behalf of Mr. Harb for I know how grateful he feels towards you for the favor. These are an appreciative people for anything done for them. On my own part I am thankful to you for your thoughtfulness and liberality in the matter and we shall endeavor to make your investment in the boy bring a good return to you.

With best wishes for your success.

Very truly yours,
A. ROSENBERGER,
Superintendent.

—o—

CONFIRMATIONS.

On Sunday, Dec. 8, the Bishop confirmed seventeen persons in Calvary Church. Six of them were children about twelve years of age, who grew up in Christian families under careful instruction in God's truth, and who appeared fully to understand what it means to take their baptismal vows upon themselves.

Eleven were grown up men and women. God only knows their hearts, but their professions and their outward lives lead us to trust confidently that they are truly converted souls, and

that the Holy Ghost whom they received in the Church's Apostolic rite will keep them His forever. We must all do our best to make the Church their happy spiritual home, and by love and prayer to help them on in the way of Christ.

—o—

"IN EARTHEN VESSELS!"

"Move and second that this Association will not fellowschip if any church who hold a member in its fellowschip that she know he or her will not Pay an honest debt.

"Aggreed on motion that we will not fellow schip any member who is known to take any part in speculation on the Sabbath day. We further agree that no minister schall be a lowd to Stand in our Pulpit who are given to drunkness."—*Minutes of the Bethlehem, Edgecombe Co., Colored Primitive Baptist Association.*

That grammar may have its faults, but there is nothing the matter with those principles.

—o—

GOD'S ANSWER.

As soon as I boarded the Baltimore boat at Norfolk last week, I asked God to show me to whom He wanted me to carry a message from Him, if there was any such on board. I walked around the boat half a dozen times before I saw him, and then he was led to speak first to me. A middle-aged farmer called to me and asked whether it was bed time. I saw he was in pain, and upon inquiry learned that he had some kind of cancerous growth in his mouth, and was going to Johns Hopkins' Hospital to have it removed. In a moment we were off by ourselves on a comfortable seat, having a soul to soul talk. He was not a Christian, tho' he realized that thirty years before God had called him in a most positive way. He was going down the road one Sunday morning, when a neighbor met him, and asked him to go to church. He replied with an oath that he didn't have time, and passed on. Snddenly, alone on a country road, he heard a voice, loud and clear, say "What! You haven't time to go to Jesus!" It startled him—frightened him—and he told others about it afterwards. Yet he never accepted Christ at all. He could not say with St. Paul, "I was not disobedient to that heavenly voice," and so there he was, comfortless and Christless, in his hour of need.

We had sweet talk of Jesus and His love and power, and I gave him all the testimony I knew. I saw from his face that his heart was opening to let the dear Lord in, and I am sure he lay down that night and went to his ordeal next day, stronger and braver from putting his trust in Him who never fails to answer trust with help.

As for me, I lay awake a long, long time, in an ecstasy of gratitude to God and wonder at His gracious kindness.

Now, here is a coincidence! I was telling the story in Keechtown at a service Monday night, and a Christian lady there, said, "Why that man is my husband's brother!"

—o—

"How do I know he is Jesus, the Lord?
I was leprous, and foul and mean;
I fell at His feet, and He lifted me up.
Saying, 'I will; be clean!'"

Parish Missions.

TARBORO COTTON MILL.

A stereopticon exhibition of pictures taken in Bethlehem, Jericho, the Jordan valley, and at the Dead Sea, was given at Tarboro Cotton Mill Chapel this month.

I was asked to present Mr. Eppes with a handsome watch given him by the operatives under him as a Christmas present. Mr. Pollard made a similar presentation to Mr. Polatty. Very nearly the whole mill force was present, and I, for one, was delighted at the remarks made to them all by Mr. Polatty, upon the horrid blasphemy of celebrating the dear Lord's birth by getting drunk.

Mr. Burg, of Philadelphia, a layman who does all he can to win souls for Christ, will make an address every night during the week, Dec. 29-Jan 4, at this Mission. God blessed his work recently in Pittsboro, and much good will certainly come of it here too.

LAWRENCE AND PARKER'S.

I was in Philadelphia the week before the third Sunday and wanted very much to go to Alexandria and see Mr. Cunningham and Mr. LeBlanc at the Seminary on my way home. But doing so would have prevented me being here Sunday, and I did not feel justified in being absent from my appointments at these two Missions. So I hurried home, and then, after all, could not go in the country for the lack of a conveyance. It is plain, as I have said before, that we cannot do what we are trying to do until the parish owns an automobile.

*

COUNTY HOME.

Mr. Sam Nash, Jr., drove Mrs. Martin, Mrs. E. Pennington and myself, out to the County Home this month in a carriage. We had a very good service with the inmates and a number of people from the neighborhood.

FOUNTAIN MILL.

We have the lot, the plans, and the money to build our Chapel at this Mission—all we need is a contractor to put up such a building as we want for the price we can pay. We hope to have it finished by spring.

Many dear friends remembered me this Christmas, and showed it in various lovely ways—but none touched me more than did the gift of a splendid Bible from Charley Bowers.

*

SPEED.

The Bishop confirmed eight persons in St. Mary's, Speed, on Dec. 8. Mr. Hyman Philips drove Mrs. Martin and myself out to this Mission in his machine on the fourth Sunday.

*

CALVARY CHURCH.

About thirty men attended the parish meeting to elect a vestry for the ensuing year. A resolution was offered by Mr. Kittrell, seconded, and adopted, that the vestry be advised to adopt a by-law making one-third of their number ineligible for re-election every year. This advice will no doubt be followed, and is certainly a good idea, as it will prevent the same men being elected year after year, not because they wish to serve, nor because the parish especially wishes them to serve, but simply because they do not like to refuse to serve, nor others to refuse to vote for them. All the members of the old vestry were re-elected at this meeting.

A large congregation gathered on Christmas Day—larger indeed than the usual Sunday morning one, and quite one hundred and fifty received the Holy Communion. It was good for God and man to see so many thus showing their gratitude on Christmas day for God's great love in coming into the world to save us from our sins!

Notwithstanding the absence of so many of the choir who were out of town, the music was most excellent.

RECTOR'S REPORT FOR 1912.

Nine months of this year I spent in the parish, and three months abroad.

During these nine months I baptized 19 grown people and 10 children; married 6 couples; read the burial office 5 times; celebrated the Holy Communion 36 times; read prayers with the sick 64 times, and with prisoners in jail 14 times.

I preached and lectured 9 times a week on an average, or 348 times in all, in the following places—Calvary Church, 70; Calvary Chapel, 61; Bible Class, 36; Tarboro Cotton Mill, 40; Fountain Mill, 25; St. Mary's, Speed, 17; Grace Church, Lawrence, 6; Parker's, 6; Keechtown, 24; Farmville, 14; Enfield, 3; Warrenton, 2; Weldon, 1; Ringwood, 1; Roanoke Rapids, 3; Runnymede, 2; Presbyterian Church, Runnymede, 1; Negro Y. M. C. A., 2; Negro Methodist, 1; Negro Baptist, 1; Opera House 2; 823 Vine St., Philadelphia, 2.

While abroad, I preached twice to the passengers on shipboard and 5 times to the sailors; once to a Syrian congregation in Palestine; and once in Hyde Park, London.

I heard the Gospel preached 9 times by Church of England clergymen; twice by American Baptists and once by an English Baptist; once by a Lutheran; 3 times by Presbyterians; twice by Methodists; once by a General in the Salvation Army; once by a Syrian; once by a poor old man in Hyde Park, London, who did it the best of all.

I received the Holy Communion 5 times on shipboard; once in Samaria; once in Jerusalem; once in Cairo; once in Rome; and twice in London.

I heard mass sung in a Roman Catholic church at Nazareth; in a Greek church at Cana of Galilee; and in a Russian church on the Mount of Olives.

Together with some others, I read passages from the Bible, and said my prayers, on the beach of St. Paul's Bay at Malta; Mars Hill at Athens; among the ruins of the synagogue at Capernaum; by Jacob's well in Samaria; in the Garden of Gethsemane; on the banks of the Jordan; and in the cave where the Lord was born at Bethlehem.

—o—

THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH AND LIQUOR.

The December Bulletin of the State Board of Health is all about the harmful effects of drink. Well, it certainly is time—but better late than never! They announce too that this is merely the first gun in a relentless war they are going to wage against drink. I have written asking for two hundred copies, which I will distribute as widely as I can.

This pamphlet tells us that one man out of every seven and a half dies of drink; that twice as many people die from drink as from typhoid; that liquor kills directly more people than malaria, typhoid and scarlet fever combined. It asserts that sixty-six thousand people die from drink in this country every year. That statement does not take into account either, the drunken man who gets run over by a train, as one was here this year; nor the victim of the drink habit who grows desperate and kills

himself, as a young man did in Raleigh recently; nor the man beaten to death in a drunken fight, as a farmer was in Nash county yesterday; nor the policeman killed by a blind tiger keeper, as one was in this State last year; nor the drunken man killed over a card game as one was in Rocky Mount last winter. Still, sixty-six thousand is bad enough.

We are told that liquor hinders digestion by decreasing the flow of gastric juice; that it does not stimulate the heart at all, but merely seems to do so by paralyzing the muscles that control heart action; that it restrains the formation of those marvelous bodies in the blood which destroy the germs of disease.

We learn that physicians are abandoning the use of alcohol as a drug to such an extent that whereas $3000 worth of it was given in the Massachusetts State Hospital seven years ago, only $800 was given this year, tho' the number of patients is greatly increased.

We are told that 94 drinking men die to 71 men who do not drink, out of a hundred of each class in the same length of time.

The statistics may do some little good, but the great good of this action of the State Board of Health lies in the moral effect of the medical authorities taking an official stand against this dreadful vice. The cause has been hurt by the strange silence of the medical world, but they are speaking at last.

Not the least of the good results locally of this pamphlet was that it moved the Tarboro Southerner to a column and a half editorial which came mighty near saying that getting drunk was wrong.

A SEQUEL.

In our last issue appeared an account of my meeting in London with Prebendary Carlile, Commander of the Church Army, in which I mentioned the fact that as a result of that meeting one of the men prominent in the Army came over and stayed awhile at Galilee Mission, Philadelphia. Here is a letter he wrote recently to the Rev. Mr. Hall, Superintendent of the Mission:

The Church Army, Headquarters,
53 Bryanston Street,
Marble Arch,
London, W.

My dear Bro. Hall,

You will think I have forgotten you. But I assure you that you are often in my thoughts and prayers. This is just a line to tell you how we are getting on. I cd not get a building or a site, so I bought a tent to hold 150. This I erected on a vacant building site near the Strand. It has a flooring, most comfortable chairs, turkey-red quill, all around —all your texts and mottoes! A platform with grand piano and palm and 3 big stoves. We opened it on Nov. 5 with about 40 men. So it has been running a month—during which time over 200 men have come out for Christ—many bright, keen Christians resulting. Some are already soul winning. Mrs. Gilbert, (who was Mrs. Jerry McAuley) came across for the few opening nights—and also a Water St. convert. Now we have young West, assistant Superintendent of the San Francisco City Rescue Mission with us. He is a gem.

I've adopted Galilee Mission service in toto.

I'm glad to say I've been

offered a splendid site. The building will cost $70,000 dollars. I hope it will be up in 12 months time.

Last Monday we had the honor of a visit from the Princess Royal —the sister of King George. She was so nice. She sat in one of our chairs, and I said I sh'd label it and use it for an illustration "I'm so glad that any action of mine sh'd be a help to you in your work," she said. Then she added, "Only Christ can help your poor fellows. If it hadn't been for Him, I could not have borne up under my great sorrow, and what He did for me, He is able and willing to do for your poor men." Wasn't that nice?

Well, dear bro., goodbye. God bless you and continue to use you abundantly.

With warmest regards to Mrs. Hall,

Ever yours affectionately,

A. E. RICHARDSON.

—o—

BIBLE CLASS.

Seventy-nine men were present at one or more of the five sessions of the Men's Bible Class during December—

5. W. S. Clark, J. B. Austin, James Strickland, O. Curry, Frank Hart, Paul McCabe, Ed. Pennington, J. H. Weddell, Sr., B. E. Brown.

4. J. W. Forbes, R. G. Kittrell, R. N. Taylor, Sam Nash, Jr., Churchill Hodges, Hyman Philips, Ollin Johnson, M. A. Curtis, Wm. Strickland, Jr., Joe Varnell, Newet Webb, Tom Varnell, John Varnell, J. C Curry, Z. N. Eppes, Almon Hart, J. R. Pender, James Tadlock, Frank Martin,

3. Wheeler Moore, Jack Bunting, John Parker, Lonnie Strickland, Kitchin Varnell, Tom Clayton, Berry Thomas, Joe Pennington, E. H. Lewis, Sidney Brown.

2. J. K. Newton, Charley Bowers, Charley Lassiter, James Stahls, Frank Carlile, Wm. Strickland, Sr., Walter Cobb, Dan Anderson, J. R. Jones, J. C. Horne, George Stallings, Gus Harrell.

1. Gerald Cross, S. E. Speight, Francis Murdoch, Lucius Conway, Cecil Copeland, Charley Moore, A. T. Cross, Lee Pitt, J. L. Jacocks, Ed Strickland, J. A. Weddell, Jr., Percy Jones, W. A. Bryan, A. D. Ward, C. H. Fluck, Sherman Barr, T. L. Harrell, Perry Padgett, Kelly Moore, C. C. Wallace, W. C. Humphrey, J. F. Burg, Henry Harrell, Wm. Speight, Paul Whitfield, C. N. Barr, Marshall Staton, Claud Conway, Wm. Varnell.

—o—

THE STEREOPTICON.

Through Dr. Bass I made a proposition to the Board of County Commissioners, that if they would appropriate $50.00 to buy sets of lantern slides on typhoid. malaria, tuberculosis and alcoholic poisoning, I would give for nothing my time and the use of my stereopticon to the cause of public health, by exhibiting them all over the county in churches and schoolhouses and halls. This meant that the people of the county would for a very small sum get the benefit of very vivid and impressive instruction upon the cause and cure of these most dreadful scourges, perhaps to the saving of many valuable lives. But the Board refused to make the appropriation, for reasons that seemed good to them. Now, by quite other means than theirs, I have been given nearly enough money for the purpose, and will soon be able to carry it out.

Macnair Drug Company

Wishing each and every one of our customers a happy and prosperous New Year, and thanking you for your liberal patronage during the year and soliciting a continuance of your favors during the year 1913, we are,

Yours to satisfy,

Macnair Drug Company

TARBORO, N. C.

I am now located in the

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next to W. L. & J. E. Simmons

UP STAIRS OVER TURNER'S MARKET

Clothes Cleaned,
Pressed
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When you are in need of anything in this line I will thank you for your consideration.

Howard Parker

TARBORO, N. C.

PHONE 267

O. O. BOYKIN

Wishes to thank his patrons for their patronage during 1912, and for their patience during delivery of orders during the busy holiday season

---

BOYKIN'S

EDGECOMBE COUNTY CORN MEAL. THE CLEANEST AND THE BEST. ITS FINE, TRY IT, AND YOU WILL BE SURE TO BUY MORE

Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year, and soliciting a liberal share of your 1913 patronage

O. O. BOYKIN

PHONE 267

John L. Bridgers

The Christian Worker

Organ of Calvary Parish, Tarboro, N. C.

Issued Monthly. ||| FEBRUARY 1913 ||| Price, 50 cents a year

Rev. Bertram E. Brown, Editor.

Miss Lallah Hussey, Business Manager

KALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY

2. Quinquagesima. Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin. (Candlemas Day)
   - Holy Communion 11:00 A. M.
   - Evening Prayer 7:45 P. M.
   - Service County Home 4:00 P. M.

5. Ash Wednesday. (Strict Fast.)
   - Morning Prayer 11:00 A. M.
   - Litany and Penitential Office 4:00 P. M.
   - Service for men, uptown, 12:00 M.

9. First Sunday in Lent. (Quadragesima.)
   - Holy Communion 7:30 A. M.
   - Morning Prayer 11:00 A. M.
   - Evening Prayer 7:45 P. M.
   - Service at Tarboro Mill Mission 3:30 P. M.

16. Second Sunday in Lent.
   - Holy Communion 7:30 A. M.
   - Morning Prayer 11:00 A. M.
   - Evening Prayer 7:45 P. M.
   - Service Parker's Mission 3:00 P. M.
   - Evening Prayer, Grace, Lawrence, 4:00 P. M.

23. Third Sunday in Lent.
   - Holy Communion 7:30 A. M.
   - Morning Prayer 11:00 A. M.
   - Evening Prayer 7:45 P. M.
   - Evening Prayer, St. Mary's, Speed, 3:00 P. M.

Service for Men Every Day during Lent in Moving Picture Tent, 12:00 to 12:20.

Service Every Day During Lent in Chapel, 4:00 P. M.

C. F. Clayton's Job Print, Tarboro, N. C.

For Tin and Slate Roofing, Guttering

REPAIR WORK NEATLY AND PROMPTLY

DONE ON SHORT NOTICE

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J. C. NORRIS

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The Christian Worker

"As Workers Together With Him"

Vol. 1 TARBORO, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1913 No. 5

"Entered as second-class matter October 19th, 1912, at the post office at Tarboro, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879."

Think About This!

We were taught at school to say—

First Person—I.

Second Person—Thou.

Third Person—He.

If confined to one's grammar, that rule is all right—if practiced in one's life, it is infinitely wrong. In life it should be—

First Person—He (God).

Second Person—Thou (My Neighbor).

Third Person—I (Myself).

*

A certain Greek philosopher walking along one night gazing at the stars, fell into the water and was drowned—whereupon Socrates said of him that he died foolishly, for had he looked where he was going he could have seen the water, and the stars too, reflected in it. So if you gaze only towards Heaven, you will stumble blindly along the path of life—but if you look lovingly and helpfully at your fellowmen, you will see where to walk, and see Heaven too, reflected in them.

There is a story that St. Thomas was still troubled by doubts after the Lord's Ascension. He took them to St. Peter, and St. Peter was too busy to listen to him. He took them to St. John, and St. John was too busy to listen to him. Then it occurred to him that the reason they had no doubts was because they were too busy working for the Lord. So he went to work for Jesus, and never had time any more to be troubled with doubts.

*

An artist painted the Lord pointing to the lilies of the field. So beautifully did he paint the latter, that all who saw went away saying, "What exquisite flowers!" Whereupon the artist seized his brush and blotted them out, saying "God forbid that man should think more of any other work of mine, than of the figure of my Lord!" Do all things in the name of Jesus, so men may give Him the glory when they see your good works.

Unbelief.

If the universe is ruled by a good and intelligent Person, why do so many cruel and wasteful things occur? Why, for instance, should I work honestly to prepare my land, and plant my cotton, and then have a frost come and kill it as soon as it shows above ground? If God does that, how can He be a Being either good or intelligent? Well, it de-

pends upon what God purposes chiefly to raise. If He aims to raise cotton, then what was done to your crop proves that He is not an intelligent Person; but if His aim is to raise men, then His action was good and wise, for disappointment, hardship, suffering, labor, are quite necessary in the making of a Man.

*

No eminent scientist rejects the doctrine of an intelligent, personal Ruler of the universe. The most convincing book on the existence of a personal God is a recent one by Alfred Russell Wallace, the friend and coworker of Darwin. The fact of a law demands the existence of a law giver and a law executor, so as a matter of course, recognition of the order and power of law in the universe, deepens, not lessens, men's certainty of God's existence.

*

Belief in the existence of a personal God, if consistently followed, leads inevitably to the admission of the truth of the Gospel of Christ. Thus—if you believe in God, you must believe He has revealed Himself to man, for if he has not, you could not know He is, and therefore could not believe in Him. If He has revealed Himself, then He must have chosen the best method of so doing. Then the Gospel of Christ must be true, for it is certainly the best method that purports to be a divine revelation. Matthew Arnold, who did not believe in the Gospel, always said that if he could believe in God at all, he would be obliged to be a Christian.

TOM HEGE.

The other day I got by mail a bundle of tracts of his own composition from my friend and brother, Tom Hege. Tom is a Christian man who knows the Bible almost by heart, and teaches it to other people the best he can. He came here some time ago, and made his living selling candy and fixing machinery. Every day at two o'clock he got out on the street and sung a hymn and preached a sermon, which was quite as good as many I've heard from more comfortable pulpits. He also came regularly to our Bible Class.

Tom is a Seventh Day Adventist, and believes that he ought to work on Sunday and rest on Saturday. I think he is wrong about that, because the Christian church, acting under the guidance of the Holy Spirit received on Pentecost, changed the day of rest and worship from the seventh to the first, to commemorate the Lord's resurrection. But still Tom's plan is a great deal better than that of some men I know, who rest no day, and a long, long sight better than that of some others who rest all days.

In Winston-Salem, where he was born, they put Tom in jail for sixty days for selling a can of tomatoes on Sunday. In Tarboro he made a move much more dangerous than breaking a law—he spoke disrespectfully of blind tigers. Two zealous patrons of that flourishing industry, their proud Southern hearts aflame with righteous indignation at this presumption of a homeless stranger in criticizing the personal liberty of every gentleman to poison his neighbor, waylaid Tom that night, and tore his tracts, and bumped his head, and broke his little organ—poor, helpless, harmless man!

QUEER ARGUMENT.

In a recent issue of Harper's Weekly appears an article in favor of cigarette smoking by Dr. Leonard K. Hirshberg, of Johns Hopkins. He quite seriously advances as arguments in favor of that vicious habit statements that appear to us quite the strongest reasons we ever heard against it. As much as matters of curiosity as anything else, we give here three of them—

1. "Tobacco gives its users contentment, peace, and a healthful, animal sort of enjoyment, a sublime callousness to the ethical and theological puzzles which fret and frazzle its enemies."

Good gracious! A man who gets "sublimely callous" to the ethical problems of life will wind up in the penitentiary as sure as you are born!

2. "Ten cigarettes a day may injure a boy of twelve, but that is no argument against ten cigarettes a day for a man of thirty-five."

Now, somehow our mind finds itself unable to conceive of any stronger argument against a man of thirty-five doing anything than that he may by his example lead a boy of twelve to injure himself.

"It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should cause one of these little ones to stumble."

3. "It is an indisputable fact that the average boy smoker is not so bright as the boy who does not smoke. But I rather fancy that, in part, they have confused cause and effect. It is my own observation that boys who are naturally intelligent and healthy and bright do not care to smoke, and that the heaviest smokers among the youth of America are those who were born with rather less than the average amount of common sense and moral balance."

Now, mind you, that wasn't said by an anti-tobacco fanatic, but by an eminent physician in an argument in favor of tobacco! Just think of it, won't you! Clean, healthy-minded boys naturally despise cigarettes—stupid, degenerate boys naturally take to them —*therefore* everybody ought to smoke! This gentleman must have befuddled his brain with many and many a cigarette, before he reached the precise point of obtusity necessary for that argument!

—o—

THE BAR.

This poem was written by a convict in Joliet prison. I have had it printed on hundreds of cards, and whenever I get on a Norfolk or a Richmond train, I lay them around on the seats and send them curving into those rum-soaked burgs. What good does it do? Well, I am quite sure it does them as much good as their poison does Tarboro.

The saloon is sometimes called A BAR—that's true:
A BAR to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it, named it well;
A BAR to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health;
A BAR to honor, pride and fame,
A door to grief and sin and shame;
A BAR to hope, a BAR to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair;
A BAR to honored, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A BAR to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave;
A BAR to joys that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts;
A BAR to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it, named it well.

The Christian Worker
Organ of Calvary Parish, Tarboro, N. C.

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QUESTIONS.

The answers to all the following questions are to be found in the Prayer Book itself. The Christian Worker will give a handsome Prayer Book to everyone who sends correct answers to them all.

1. From what date has the American Prayer Book been in use?
2. What psalms are said on the 31st day of the month?
3. When is the Venite not to be said in morning prayer?
4. Where is it indicated that the people should not join in saying a psalm?
5. Where in the Prayer Book is it said that St. Paul wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews?
6. What other name is given to the first Sunday in Lent?
7. What other name is given to the fifth Sunday after Easter?
8. If the president or governor should fail to appoint Thanksgiving day, what day would the Church use?
9. What feast has three titles?
10. What Sunday collect may be used for only three days?
11. Which collects are addressed to Our Lord Jesus Christ?
12. Which prayers are addressed to the Holy Ghost?
13. What days have two collects, epistles, and gospels?
14. What day has three collects?
15. What days have epistles and gospels, but no collects?
16. What service is said almost entirely between the epistle and gospel?
17. When must the Nicene Creed be said?
18. Where is the term "the resurrection of the flesh" used in the Creed?
19. When is the Creed appointed to be said in the form of a question?
20. Where may the communion table be placed if not in the chancel?
21. In what service is the word altar used?
22. In what service may the priest hear a private confession and pronounce a private absolution?
23. Where is the Holy Communion called the Eucharist?
24. Why should a bishop be able to sing?
25. To whom is most of the litany addressed?
26. Where are prayers appointed to be said by one person alone?
27. What prayers are directed to be said by either a man or a woman?
28. How many concluding blessings are there?
29. Does the name given by the minister in baptizing a child determine its name?
30. How should adults prepare themselves for baptism?
31. What is the first thing a newly ordained deacon is told to do?
32. How is a bishop to be addressed in divine service?
33. When does a clergyman enter upon divine service only partly vested?

34. Can a bad priest administer a good sacrament?

35. In what service is it directed how a woman should be dressed?

36. When may a member of the congregation interrupt divine service?

37. Where is the minister directed to pause so the people may pray secretly?

38. In what service are the keys of the church mentioned?

39. When is mention made of Turks—where Anabaptists?

40. Where is reference made to Apostolic Succession?

41. What Holy Day has no special evening service?

42. When is Friday not a fast day?

43. When may a person receive the benefits of the Sacrament of the Holy Communion without partaking of the bread and wine?

44. When may the priest administer the Holy Communion to but one person?

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MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT.

(Rudyard Kipling.)

The fear was on the cattle, for the gale was on the sea,
An' the pens broke up on the lower deck an' let the creatures free—
An' the lights went out on the lower deck, an' no one down but me.

I had been singin' to them to keep 'em quiet there,
For the lower deck is the dangerousest, requirin' constant care,
An' give to me as the strongest man, though used to drink and swear.

I see my chance was certain of bein' horned or trod,
For the lower deck was packed with steers thicker'n peas in a pod,
An' more pens broke at every roll—so I made a Contract with God.

An' by the terms of the Contract, as I have read the same,
If He got me to port alive I would exalt His name,
An' praise His Holy Majesty till further orders came.

He saved me from the cattle an' He saved me from the sea,
For they found me 'tween two drownded ones where the roll had landed me—
An' a four-inch crack on top of my head, as crazy as could be.

But that were done by a stanchion, an' not by a bullock at all,
An' I lay still for seven weeks convalescing of the fall,
An' readin' the shiny Scripture texts in the Seamen's Hospital.

An' I spoke to God of our Contract, an' He says to my prayer:
"I never puts on My ministers no more than they can bear.
"So back you go to the cattle boats an' preach My Gospel there.

"For human life is chancy at any kind of trade,
"But most of all, as well you know, when the steers are mad-afraid:
"So you go back to the cattle-boats an' preach 'em as I've said.

"They must quit drinkin' an' swearin', they mustn't knife on a blow,
"They must quit gamblin' their wages, and you must preach it so:
"For now those boats are more like Hell than anything else I know."

I didn't want to do it, for I knew what I should get,
An' I wanted to preach Religion handsome an' out of the wet,
But the Word of the Lord were lain on me, an I done what I was set.

I have been smit an' bruised as warned would be the case,
An' turned my cheek to the smiter exactly as Scripture says;
But following that, I knocked him down an' led him up to Grace.

An' we have preaching on Sundays whenever the sea is calm,
An' I use no knife nor pistol an' I never take no harm,
For the Lord abideth back of me to guide my fighting arm.

An' I sign for four pound ten a month and save the money clear,
An' I am in charge of the lower deck, an' I never lose a steer;
An' I believe in Almighty God an' I preach His Gospel there.

SAMARIA.

King Omri, of Israel, in the year 927 B. C., bought a hill from a man named Shemar for $3,200. On it he built his capital city and named it Samaria, after the former owner of the hill. (I Kings, XVI: 24).

His son, King Ahab, built a beautiful palace there, so full of fine things that they called it the ivory house. (I Kings, XXII: 39). Just two years ago the ruins of it were uncovered, and in the cellar many broken wine-pots were found, bearing labels to the effect that they contained rent in kind for vineyards Ahab the king owned in various parts of the country. Thus we have proof of his fancy for vineyards which led to the murder of poor Naboth. (I Kings, XXI: 1–10.) I found a neck of a broken jug among the ruins of the ivory house, and brought it home in memory of that wicked king, and his punishment.

King Ahab was shot by an archer in his last battle with the Syrians, and died in his chariot as the sun went down. To Samaria they brought his body for burial, and at the city well they washed his bloodstained chariot bed. (I. Kings, XXII: 34–38.)

King Herod eight hundred years after that, adorned the city with many stately structures, among others erecting on the foundation of the ivory house a temple in honor of his patron Augustus Caesar. He also changed the city's name to Sebaste, which is Greek for Augustus, and by that name the wretched village of Arab huts on the site is still called.

The headless body of John the Baptist, slain by the wicked Herod's wicked son, was brought here and buried, according to St. Jerome who wrote three centuries later. Three empty tombs are seen, which once contained the Baptist's body and those of Obadiah and Elisha.

Over these tombs the Crusaders, during their brief occupancy of the country, between 1100 and 1187, built a stately church to St. John the Baptist, and by its side a great priory for the

Knights of St. John Hospitaller.

"The Knights are dust
Their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the Saints we
trust;"

but their church, used now as a Moslim mosque, still stands, while five times a day the fierce challenging call the good Knights gave their lives in vain to hush rings out from its hoary walls—"I testify that there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah."

In the picture my friend and I are standing beside the well where the chariot of King Ahab was washed, in front of the church of St. John, while the Arab peasants behind us are going in for noonday prayers. Notice how carefully they turn their faces to keep from having their pictures taken.

Yet one of them was a traveled man. Later on I saw them sitting all in a row on a fallen column, and approaching, was surprised to hear one of them say "How do you do?" in English. "Where in the world did you learn English?" I said, and he replied, "In Chicago, Illinois."

—o—

BLIND.

"All but blind
In his underground hole
Gropes for worms
The four-clawed mole.

All but blind
In the sunset sky,
The hooded bat
Twirls softly by.

All but blind
In the burning day,
The barn owl blunders
On her way.

Blind as are
These poor, blind three
So blind without
God's grace I be."

THE GREEK OF HEBREWS XIII:5.

(By J. Fred Burg.)

There can be no question that the best vehicle for the expression of human thought was the Greek language, and so we might expect that God would use it for setting forth the great truths of Redemption. No other language is capable of expressing such fine shades of thought.

Perhaps in no particular does language so betray its weakness or demonstrate its power as in the use of the negative. In this the Greek tongue is powerfully suggestive.

There are two negatives in use, viz—*ou* and *ma*—the one is the negative of direct statement, the other that of hypothesis or contingency—*ou* denies the thing itself, *ma* denies the thought or possibility of the thing. When both of these words are used together they express a negative beyond which nothing can go.

Let us examine a few passages of the New Testament to illustrate the different phases of their use. Take St. John 5:40: "Ye will *not* come unto me that ye might have life." Here we have a plain statement of fact, the fact of man's unwillingness, and so the word translated *not* is *ou*.

But take St. John 6:39: "And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should *not* lose anything, but should raise it up at the last day." There is a contingency foreseen and provided against in the will of the Father, and so *ma* is the word translated *not*.

Now let us examine a passage where both negatives, *ou* and *ma*, occur. We will choose the sweet-

est passage of all, if there can be any choice where all is divine. It is as if God, foreseeing all the doubts of His children all down the centuries, added to His bare word the strongest possible combination of negatives to be found anywhere in Scripture. I believe it occurs nowhere else.

The passage is Hebrews, 13:5, translated "For he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The Greek is *ou ma se ano ou de ou ma se egatalipo*, and means something like this. "*I will not—nay cannot—no indeed —never will I leave thee nor forsake thee!*"

How heartily then may we sing that most beautiful stanza of the noble hymn, 636, which is the only just translation in our language of this sublime promise of Holy Writ!

"The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake."

Parish Missions.

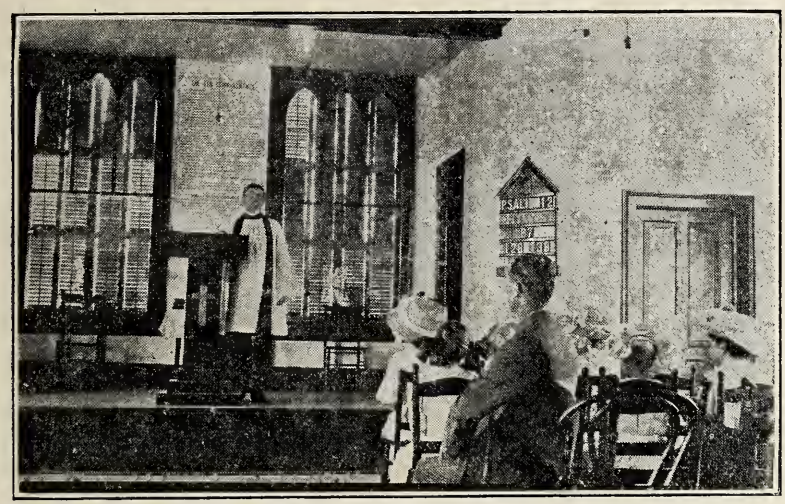
TARBORO COTTON MILL.

Mr. J. F. Burg, of Philadelphia, preached every night for a week at this mission, and several times afterwards, and God blessed the message he gave.

Several Christians who had never before spoken a word of testimony for the Master, did so during this week, and one lady surrendered to God wholly and trustfully and was baptized.

Mr. Burg is a layman who, having been redeemed from sin by the wisdom and power of Christ crucified, longs with all his soul to bring others to the same Saviour.

Deep and faithful study of the Bible has made him letter perfect in God's Word, and the Holy Spirit has led him into under-



standing of its truth. Beyond anyone we have ever heard, he is able to interpret the Bible in all shades of meaning, and to quote it verbatim to prove every assertion he makes. Many of us have been filled with new determination to let God's word be a "lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path."

He preached several times also at Keechtown and Fountain Mill. Newet Webb went to Philadelphia with him to learn more about personal work for Christ.

Fountain Mill.

At the service Thursday night, Jan. 16, at this mission, over sixty people were present, entirely overtaxing the capacity of our little room. Ten men and women asked to be prayed for that they might be given true repentance and find redemption in Jesus, and two of them are now ready for holy baptism. After service, the Fountain Mill branch chapter of the Brotherhood met, and as usual everybody made reports of brave and loving personal work.

Bishop Tuttle recently gave a most beautiful interpretation of the words, "St. Andrew's Brotherhood." Andrew is from the Greek word which means manliness; we take that word and prefix Saint to it, which means Godliness; then we add Brotherhood, which means unselfishness.

Lawrence and Parker's.

Mr. Mike Edwards came in on the third Sunday, and took Mrs. Frank Martin, Miss Lena Simmons, little Frank Martin, and me, out to these two missions in his machine.

The usual good congregations were present at both places. I had missed these appointments two successive months, so it was like meeting old friends to see all these people again.

Mr. Nash has the lot and the lumber ready to build a church at Parker's, and needs now only someone to take the contract.

County Farm.

Mr. Hyman Philips drove Mrs. M. A. Philips, Mrs. Frank Martin and me out to the Farm on the first Sunday in his machine, and Mr. and Mrs. Horne and Mrs. Neal went out in a buggy. A good many from the neighborhood were present, besides the inmates of the Home, and we had a blessed service.

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DIARY FROM SUNDAY, JAN. 12. TO SUNDAY, JAN. 19.

Sunday. Holy Communion, 7.30. Bible Class, 9.45. Morning Prayer, 11.00. Parish meeting, 12.30. Prayers with sick lady, 1.30. Met old man who used to be such a good Christian, and is now so pitifully fallen away, and talked with him half an hour, 2.30. Preached at Fountain Mill, 3.30. Mr. ——— made his decision, and will be baptized next Sunday. Called on Mrs. ——— and had prayers with her and her little baby, 5.00. Evening Prayer, 7.45. Talked with Mr. Burg. To bed, 12.00.

Monday. Took train for Weldon, 9.30. Had talk on train with ——— who used to be such a help. Left tracts on car seats.

Talked with man in Weldon, recently confirmed, about the church, 4.00. To Roanoke Rapids in auto, 5.00. Exhibited Galilee-Samaria pictures in moving picture hall, 8.00. Read John Evelyn's Diary. To bed, 12.30.

Tuesday. Called on sick man in Roanoke Rapids, and talked with him about his soul, and prayed, 10.00. To hospital—talked with sick lady, not a Christian, and read Bible to her, 11.00. Talked with man about to die from gunshot wound received in drunken fight on Christmas Day. Set Jesus before him as his only Saviour. He was deeply moved, and seemed to find peace. Read Bible, prayed with him, heard his confession, and made him pray for himself, 12.00. Went to mill to see ———, but couldn't find him, 3.00 Went to train, and ——— came running just before train left. Told him about his father, and he was happy. Saw Baptist preacher on train from Suffolk, whom I knew —a good Christian man.

Helped put up screen in schoolhouse at Weldon. Exhibited pictures with my gas light, 8.00. Read Evelyn's Diary. To bed, 12.00

Wednesday. Left for home, 8.20. Read Evelyn's Diary on train. He was a noble Christian soul. Waited two hours at Hobgood, 10.00-12.00. Called on two ladies. Talked to lady about Christ, coming up from train. Attended to business matters, 4.00-6.00. Saw a girl who used to attend night school, married now, with a fat, healthy looking baby. Talked a long time, and prayed, with Mr. Burg and Newet Webb, who are going to Philadelphia tomorrow. To bed, 12.30.

Thursday. Went hunting all day with Hyman Philips and Forbes. Didn't kill scarcely anything, because I couldn't shoot straight. But it isn't so bad not to be able to kill little birds well. Gave some tracts to a lady in the country. Preached at Fountain Mill, 7.30, on "Christ, the wisdom of God and the power of God." Ten men and women asked to be prayed for to the end that they might find peace in Christ. Brotherhood meeting after service, 8.00. Talked with

girl about baptism. Prayed with young man who wants to be a Christian, 8.30. Finished Evelyn's Diary. Began Finlay's Byzantine Empire. To bed, 12.30.

Friday. Wrote articles for Christian Worker, 8.30—11.00. Talked with Joe Savage about getting right with God, 11.30. Called on sick lady, 12.00. Wrote articles for Christian Worker, 2.00—4.00. Went to see ——— at shop, and talked about Christ. Service in chapel, 7.30. Wrote sermon for Southerner. Read Finlay's Byzantine Empire. To bed, 12.00.

Saturday. Wrote sermon, 11.00. Called on sick man and had prayers, 12.00. Talked with two men about Bible Class, 2.00. Called on sick lady and had prayers, 5.00. Prepared sermons for tomorrow, and Bible Class lecture. To bed, 1.00.

Sunday.—Holy Communion 7.30. Bible Class, St. Paul's farewell to the Ephesian elders, 9.45. Baptized two men, four women, and two children, 10.30. Morning Prayer, sermon on "Forgiveness," 11.00. Left for Parker's Mission in machine, 2.00. Evening Prayer at Parker's, sermon on "Jesus, Master of the Human Mind," 3.00. Evening prayer at Grace church, Lawrence, sermon on "Symbolism of the Church," 4.30. Evening Prayer in Calvary church, sermon on "Prayer," 7.45. Wrote letters. To bed, 11.30.

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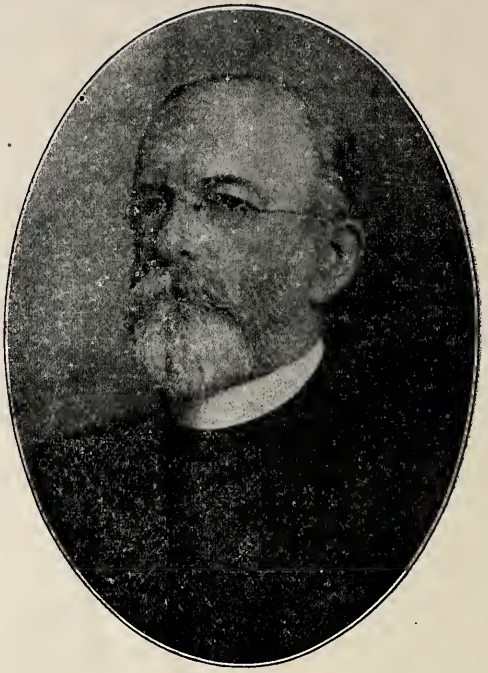
"A man goes wrong the same as he
Who fed swine in the far country:
He seems beyond the utmost reach
Of hearts that pray, of lips that preach:
Let him give God a chance, and see
How beautiful his life may be."

MINISTERS RECEIVED.

The following ministers from other religious bodies were received into our church during the past year:

J. W. Barrow, Congregationalist, Ind.
R. S. Brown, Methodist, N. Y.
W. L. Cadman, Methodist, N. Y.
D. H. Dow, Congregationalist, Cal.
H. B. Gibbons, Congregationalist, Cuba.
D. P. Griffis, Baptist, Penn.
F. W. Haist, Methodist, Ill.
L. T. Hardin, Methodist-Protestant, Mo.
L. C. Hill, Presbyterian, Wash.
F. O. Johnson, Presbyterian, Penn.
C. C. Kelsey, Wesleyan, Penn.
John Lloyd, Methodist, Wis.
T. B. McClement, Presbyterian, N. Y.
G. J. McDonald, Presbyterian, Or.
J. J. Neighbour, Methodist, Penn.
F. H. Oehler, Moravian, Minn.
M. O. Patton, Congregationalist, Mass.
H. G. Piper, Baptist, R. I.
J. M. Rudwin, Jewish Rabbi, N. Y.
S. Steinmetz, Baptist, Penn.
M. J. Stevens, Methodist, Wash.
J. Watkins, Presbyterian, O.
W. J. Wilson, Methodist, Penn.
W. W. Connor, Dutch Reformed, Mont.
L. O. Crandall, Disciples, Tex.
G. W. Dunlap, Presbyterian, Col.
W. J. Getty, Methodist, Wash.
G. B. Matthews, Lutheran, Penn.
E. C. Russell, Reformed Episcopal, Ok.



The Bishop's Pastoral Letter.

The Bishop's Pastoral Letter is too long for publication in its entirety, but here are some most interesting selections from it:

"In the first place, then, I ask: What is the chief purpose and motive with which we attend the service of the Church? We should go to the public service first of all to present ourselves before our God and Father, and to claim our place as His children: to 'present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service'—to present ourselves before God, in His House. Keep that in mind; it will give tone and character to the whole service."

*

"It is most important, first of all, in considering our public worship, to have a clear understanding of its fundamental principles. I have said that we go to Church on Sundays to present ourselves before God in His House. And we come into His House as His Family. We do not come as individuals to preserve our individuality; we come that we may express and realize our union with our brethren in the One Body. We are One Body in Him who hath joined us to Himself, and made us members of Him and of one another. I fear we do not ordinarily think of this, but we come to Church that we may know it and feel it. We do not come that we may think about ourselves, and offer our individual prayers and praises. We come to think of others, and

to join our hearts and our voices with theirs in common worship. You are not to shut your eyes and your hearts to all things external, and to try to be alone with God. You do that in your private devotions at home. When you come to church you must open your eyes and open your heart, and see your brethren, and take them into your heart and into your sympathy and affection, and you must think of them in prayer and praise, and pray for them more than for yourself. If the services and Sacraments of the Church do not bring us into sympathetic communion with our brethren with whom we worship, we have missed the great blessing intended in our common worship."

*

"I ask you, therefore, my dear brethren, to remember that you should endeavor to join your voices with those of your brethren in an audible and intelligible and *united* utterance in the solemn services of the Church; and to accomplish this you must speak with some measure of deliberation, pausing distinctly at the natural breaks in the sentence, that the unavoidable differences in time may every moment be arrested and corrected, and so a practically united utterance may be obtained. This is very plainly the purpose of the Prayer Book, as you may see by observing that in all those parts to be said together, the sentences are broken into short clauses, each beginning with a capital letter, that we may readily perceive where these common pauses are to be made. And in reading the Psalms and Canticles you observe that at or near the middle of each verse is placed a *colon*. Here a full and distinct pause should be made by the whole congregation, that the characteristic feature of this ancient Hebrew poetry may be preserved, and that all may make a united beginning upon the second part of the verse. By reading deliberately, with sympathetic attention to the voices of others, observing the pauses so plainly marked for us in the Prayer Book, endeavoring to keep in harmonious accord with others, we may readily attain a unity of utterance, a unanimity of expression in our spoken devotions, which shall add greatly to the beauty and effectiveness of our services, and in even a greater measure elevate our sense of joy and happiness in the communion and fellowship of our brethren in the Church. We all feel the power of a familiar hymn uniting the hearts and voices of a great congregation, as they join in its familiar strains. In the same way we may make our whole service a source of spiritual power and enjoyment, if ministers and people will take a little more pains to enter into the true spirit and purpose of the Prayer Book, and learn to render its holy offices as they are plainly intended to be rendered."

*

"The Church must be beautified in God's honor, not for man's. It is most important that we should remember this. Some years before I became Bishop one of the best and ablest of our Priests said to me that in his judgment the church should be adorned at at the celebration of Christian festivals in honor of our Lord—but that it should not be decorated in honor of men. I had not thought of that aspect of the

question, but it impressed me at once, and I determined from that time that my parish Church should be adorned and beautified with flowers and other things, only with reference to the celebration of the Festivals of our Lord. We consecrate our churches to God's service and worship. We have no right then to use them to honor and glorify men. It is beyond question that the dressing and ornamenting of Churches for weddings, and sometimes for funerals, is often carried to an extravagant excess, so that the holy character of the building and of the service is sacrificed to gratify the vanity of wealthy or fashionable people. This ought not to be. If the Church is to be decorated for weddings or for funerals it should be for all alike."

*

"I would further ask both Clergy and Laity to consider seriously whether it is consistent with the reverence due to the House of God, and with the terms of our solemn consecration service, to allow the Church to be used for rehearsing beforehand the details of wedding processions and the like. I should like to see all such uses discontinued; and if that should mean simpler wedding services, less elaboration of preparation, and less cumbersome ceremonial, I believe that the gain in simplicity and reverence would justify the change to all judicious minds."

*

"Praying that He may use me, and that He may bless my words to you to accomplish in you that which may be well pleasing in His sight, I subscribe myself,

Your friend and brother, and servant for Christ's sake,

JOS. BLOUNT CHESHIRE.

Bishop of North Carolina.

September 28, 1912."

MR. DUKE AND MR. BOARSCH.

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 29—H. Z. Duke, of Dallas, Tex., but formerly of Georgia, known throughout the southwest as the "five cent store king" has saved up more than $100,000 from his business and hereafter will devote the earnings of his 21 stores to Christianity. Mr. Duke, who is visiting relatives here, stated today that he and his wife recently decided they had enough money and covenanted with their conscience to contribute the balance of their earnings to christian work. They made their covenant effective, January 1, last.

Since starting in business, Mr. Duke says, he has always given a tenth of his earnings to the church and he attributes his success to this practice.

"Last year I made something over $24,000," said Mr. Duke, "and I think by increasing the number of my stores I can increase the earnings to $30,000, which shall be used as I have agreed."—*Daily Press.*

On the train between Selma and Rocky Mount, I sat by a man from Chicago, named Boarsch, who had just been to Florida to conclude the purchase of 20,000 acres of land, on which he purposed to raise cattle and make a great quantity of money.

He owned large tracts of land in Kentucky, Maryland, and Illinois, and in the course of conversation I gathered that he was enormously rich, and by working about fifteen hours a day all the year round he hoped to get richer and richer until he died. I asked him if he was a Christian, and he replied with much vehemence that he was not. He had threshed the matter out in his own mind, and studied the

books of many wise men, and had arrived at the definite and positive conclusion that the Gospel of Christ was false. The Lord was nothing more than a good man, better morally than he, but not so good from a business standpoint; Christian people he had found in the main to be dishonest; the Christian religion would doubtless die out before long; worshiping Jesus was idolatry; and he *knew* that his views on these matters were true, beyond any shadow of a doubt, or possibility of ever changing them. Some little inconsistencies crept into his utterances however. He said his mother, who was still alive, was a Christian, and prayed for him. He was glad she did so, and thought it not unlikely that her prayers did him good. He attributed that though, to telepathy, and not to God. He admitted also, that sinful men were often made better by being converted to Christ, but he denied that the Blessed Lord had anything to do with that. Some other power, not God, deserved the credit for it. He had no objection to my praying for him, provided I did not pray for him to join my church.

In short, a more confused, unhappy and pitifully darkened, biased, and rebellious mind I have not seen in a long time. I was as sorry for him as I could be, and did my best to show him the truth as it is in Our Lord Jesus Christ, and I am praying for him.

Now, what an infinite world of difference there is between him and the other to whom the clipping which heads this article refers! Mr. Boarsch naturally thinks Mr. Duke a great fool, both in his belief and in his behavior. Unfortunately, the great majority, even among those who think Mr. Duke right in his belief, quite agree with Mr. Boarsch in his opinion of Mr. Duke's behavior. But that fact does not worry Mr. Duke, I am sure, nor should it, for after all, the preponderance of opinion is on his side. God has given His views on the question very definitely, and according to Him, Mr. Duke is a wise man and Mr. Boarsch is a fool. For instance—"The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully; and he thought within himself, saying, what shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul. thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee; then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich towards God."—St. Luke, 12: 16-21.

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SHORT SERMONS.

Already Forgiven.—"Having forgiven you all trespasses, blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us—nailing it to the cross." Col. 2: 13-14.

A man may say, "I am ready to forgive my enemy whenever he comes and pays me what he owes, and apologizes for the wrong." You must not think that God holds back His forgiveness in any such way as that.

God forgave you 2,000 years before you were born. He nailed your sins to the cross of Jesus, and turned His back upon them. Your pardon was written and signed long since—written and signed in Jesus' blood. It has long been ready and waiting for you to come and take it. The door of your prison house of sin was burst open long ago. Your jailor cannot shut you in. Walk out! Walk out!

I Will.—"He said—I will arise and go to my father." St Luke, 15:

The poor boy lay among the hogs, and fed upon their husks. Many times he said, "I wish I was at home with my father!" Many times he said, "I hope some day to be back in my father's house!" Many times he said, "I intend to go back home again!" But neither wishes, nor hopes, nor intentions, carried him one step on the way. At last he came to himself and said, "I will"—and what he willed to do, he did. Our part in salvation consists in our willingness to come to God, and then He wills to do the rest.

—o—

AN INVITATION.

The following printed invitation, just received, will prove of interest to many of our readers:

JESUS TOOK ME BY THE HAND AND LIFTED ME UP AND I AROSE.

Dear Friend:

With deepest gratitude to God for His mercies, I cordially invite you to be present at the GALILEE MISSION, 823 Vine St., Philadelphia, on Feb. 2nd, 1913, at 8 P. M., to rejoice with me on the 2nd anniversary of my redemption from a life of sin, to a a new life of joy, peace and love in Jesus Christ.

Yours, I. H. N.
J. FRED BURG.

"All to Jesus I surrender;
All to Him I freely give;
I will ever love and trust Him,
In His presence daily live."

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Tarboro, N. C.—Miss Sallie D. Pender, Mrs Caswell Suggs, Mrs. S. W. Chamberlain, W. S. Battle, Mrs. Clennie Copeland, Mrs. A. T. Cross, Miss Lucy Barlowe, Mrs. T. H. Hicks, R. G. Kittrell, T. T. Cherry, Miss Emily Pender, J. B. Pennington.

Speed, N. C.—Mrs. Carey Lawrence, Miss Virginia Dancy.

Farmville, N, C.—J. E. Warren

Whitakers, N. C.—Mrs. R. H. Speight.

Kittrell N. C. Miss Rosa Kittrell

Salisbury, N. C.—Mrs. C. S. Morris.

Burlington, N. C.—W. Manly Baker, Rev. J. B. Gibble.

Union Springs, Ala.—H. O. Ellis, Don Howard, Jas. Reeves.

Selma, Ala.—L. K. McVoy.

Enfaula, Ala.—Mrs. Sallie Moulthrop, Mrs. E. C. Bullock, Mrs. Mollie Hart.

Montgomery, Ala.—Mrs. Jack Thorington.

Monroe, La.—Rene McCord.

—o—

LENT.

It's true, we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day:
Yet. to go part of that religious way,
Is better than to rest.
We cannot reach our Saviour's purity:
Yet are we bid, Be holy ev'n as he.
In both let's do our best.
Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with him, than one
That travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my God, tho he be far before.
May turn, and take me by the hand; and more
May strengthen my decays.
Yet. Lord instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sin; and taking such repast
As may our faults control:
That ev'ry man may revel at his door.
Not in his parlour, banqueting the poor,—
And, among those, his soul."

—Geo. Herbert.

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SOLICITS A CONTINUANCE OF YOUR FUTURE ORDERS FOR

GROCERIES

OF EVERY KIND

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ASSORTMENT FULL AND COMPLETE

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FRESH AND GUARANTEED

O. O. BOYKIN

Tarboro, N. C.

John L. Bridgers
C283

The Christian Worker

ORGAN OF CALVARY PARISH, TARBORO, N. C.

ISSUED MONTHLY. | MARCH 1913 | PRICE, 50 cents a year

REV. BERTRAM E. BROWN, Editor.

MISS LALLAH HUSSEY, Business Manager

KALENDAR FOR MARCH.

2. Fourth Sunday in Lent. (Midlent.)
   Holy Communion, 11:00 A. M.
   Evening Prayer, 7:45 P. M.
   Service at County Home, 4:00 P. M.

9. Fifth (Passion) Sunday in Lent.
   Holy Communion, 7:30 A. M.
   Morning Prayer, 11:00 A. M.
   Evening Prayer, 7:45 P. M.
   Service at Tarboro Mill, 3:30 P. M.

16. Sunday next before Easter. (Palm).
   Holy Communion, 7:30 A. M.
   Morning Prayer, 11:00 A. M.
   Lenten Cantata, "Penitence, Pardon and Peace," 7:45 P. M.
   Service at Parker's Mission, 3.00 P. M.
   Service at Grace, Lawrence, 4:30 P. M.

17, 18, 19. Monday, Tuseday, Wednesday before Easter.
   Evening Prayer, 5:00 P. M.

20. Maunday Thursday.
   Evening Prayer, 5:00 P. M.
   Holy Communion, 7:45 P. M.

21. Good Friday.
   Morning Prayer, Ante Communion, 10:00 A. M.
   Evening Prayer, 5:00 P. M.

23. Easter day.
   Morning Prayer and Holy Communion, 11:00 A. M.
   Sunday School Festival, 3:00 P. M.
   Evening Prayer, 7:45 P. M.
   Service at St. Mary's, Speed, 3:30 P. M.

Noonday service for men every day during Lent in Moving Picture Tent.

Service every day, except Saturday, during Lent in Chapel 5:00 P. M.

C. F. Clayton's Job Print, Tarboro, N. C.

An Early Easter

Finds

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Wash Goods and Silks,

Ever on Display in Tarboro

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Please Favor Us With Your Presence at

OUR OPENING

WORSLEY & THOMAS

"Watch Us Grow"

The Christian Worker

"As Workers Together With Him"

Vol. 1 TARBORO, N. C., MARCH, 1913 No. 6

"Entered as second-class matter October 19th, 1912, at the post office at Tarboro, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879."

Think About This!

You say you are not a professing Christian, but your religion is to follow the Golden Rule, and do unto others as you would have them do unto you? Now, dear friend, you are not really honest in that claim at all. Isn't there One whom you certainly are not treating as you would have Him treat you? You would have God remember you, and believe you, and help you, and protect your dear ones, and guard you from shame and loss, and stand by you in your hour of need, wouldn't you? Then do you even so to Him!

*

You try to be a good neighbor and parent and friend and son, and make those who love you happy, do you? Well, if you are not a Christian, you certainly do not try your very best! How hard are you trying to make your Saviour happy! We are told that there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repents. Some of your loved ones are now in the angels' presence, are they not? Then why don't you make them glad too? If you had to go to Jesus to learn that rule, can you hope to have strength to keep what you didn't even have sense to invent? Come to the same Jesus for power to keep His rule.

Short Sermons.

God's Love for Each Soul.—"Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." S. Matt. 18:14.

God loves you as if you were the only man alive. A mother with ten children loves each one with a love as strong as that she feels for them all together. If one dies, her grief is as great as if it were her only child. So Jesus would have died just to save you, even if you alone among all mankind stood in need of saving. So God grieves that you will not come to Him, as if you alone among all mankind were lost—for such is the nature of a parent's love.

Joy in Heaven.—"I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth." St. Luke, 15:7.

Heaven is a place of perfect bliss. There is no doubt there, for they know even as once they were known; there is no sin there, for redeemed souls are purged of sin, and Satan is not there to tempt; there is no grief there, nor pain, for all former things have passed away, and God has wiped the tears from all eyes. Now, what a marvelous

thing it is, that a poor lost sinner here on earth can do what God cannot do—can achieve the impossible—can make perfection more perfect—can add joy to the already infinite joy of Heaven! If a sinner's repentance makes high Heaven happier, what radiancy of bliss must it make in this sad earth!

Joy in the Angels' Presence. —"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God." St. Luke, 15:14.

You have dear ones in the angels' presence now, haven't you? Then it is still within your power to make them glad. A mother grieved with a hopeless, bitter, faithless grief for her little child. One night she had a vision of Heaven. She saw the little children before the Father's throne, with torches in their hands, singing glad songs to God. Eagerly she looked for her own, and saw her not among that joyful throng. At last, off alone, drooping and sad, she saw her little one. "Why do you not sing, my child?" she cried. "Because, mother, your tears have put out my torch."

—o—

DRUNKARDS AND DIPSOMANIACS.

According to Harold Begbie there is a distinct difference to be observed between habitual drunkards, and dipsomaniacs.

A drunkard is a man who drinks because he loves it, and whose will entirely consents to the habit. He drinks all the time, and consumes vast quantities of alcohol, often with so slight apparent result that even his intimate friends see little difference between Philip drunk and Philip sober. Occasionally his habit destroys his efficiency and he sinks into vagrancy and vagabondage; but quite as often he is able to perform tolerably the duties of his calling. In this case he usually contends that drink does not hurt him, and very likely more than half believes it. Then, at some time, generally between his fiftieth and his sixtieth year, pneumonia, paralysis, Brights' or heart disease, snuffs out his life as one blows out a nearly exhausted candle end.

The dipsomaniac, on the other hand, is one whose will does not consent to his vice. He goes weeks or months without drink, with little or no desire for it, and often boasts that he has given it up forever. Then, all at once, he is attacked by a terrible craving, a desire so tremendous, so overwhelming, that his will is utterly swept away before it like a straw on the crest of a raging torrent. He plunges headlong, body, mind, and soul, into an ocean of drink, from which he emerges shaken, broken, trembling, sick, and sorry. He goes through the weary round of penitence, freedom and dreadful fall, again and again, until at last, in one of his gigantic debauches, he is murdered, or kills himself, or is frozen, or drowned, or mangled by machinery, or dies of alcoholic poisoning.

The case of the dipsomaniac is far worse than that of the drunkard, and he is far more to be pitied.

As the drunkard drinks simply because he wants to do it, it is possible for him to be frightened or persuaded into quitting. But warnings, threats, entreaties, rewards, punishments, are quite useless with the poor dipso-

maniac, because he is the sport of a mania stronger than himself. By no human means is he ever cured. I make that assertion upon the authority of eminent medical men with whom I have talked, or whose books I have read. Science knows no cure for dipsomania.

Many and many an one of them have been cured, but never by any other agency than the grace of the good Lord Jesus Christ. I read of authentic cases of cures by this means in such books as Begbie's "Twice Born Men," and "Souls in Action," or in that amazing record of miracles, "Down in Water Street." Also, I have personally known of late, some men upon whom this miracle of God had been worked.

It depends, as indeed all cure for all sin depends, upon a complete surrender of mind and will to God through Jesus Christ, and the constant, watchful, unswerving persistence in this surrender until the day of death. Let the surrender be incomplete—let the faithful clinging to Christ relax but for a moment, and down, down he goes—

"As the angels fell from Heaven
To the lowest depth of Hell."

—o—

MORE PRAYER BOOK QUESTIONS.

1. What is Holy Thursday?
2. Where is a prayer appointed to be said before engaging in a fight?
3. What prayer is named after a Saint?
4. What instead of the Gloria Patri may be sung at the end of the Psalter?
5. Do wicked men who partake of the elements in the Holy Communion receive the spiritual body of Christ?
6. What is "Bel and the Dragon?"
7. When may the Evening Lessons be read in the morning?
8. What may be read on Sunday evening instead of the appointed Second Lesson?
9. Are the Psalms in the Prayer Book exactly like the Psalms in the Bible?
10. Shonld a man make a speech just before he is hanged?
11. Where is it suggested that the Te Deum be sung to celebrate a victory?
12. What may be read instead of the appointed First Lesson on the morning of Easter-day?
13. What collect must be read after the collect for St. John the Evangelist's day?
14. To whom and where are Bibles presented—a New Testament—a Prayer Book?
15. When is a battleship prayed for?
16. What three collects are just alike?
17. May parents be God-parents for their own children?
18. Where is baptize called christen?
19. When may the Creed be omitted from the Holy Communion?
20. What King of England is mentioned in the Prayer Book?
21. At what age should children be brought to baptism.
22. When may the minister select the lessons?
23. Where else is the confession found in the Holy Communion used?
24. Must a minister make especial effort to train his wife and children to lead consistent Christian lives?
25. What hymn has no provision for Amen at its close?

The Christian Worker

Organ of Calvary Parish, Tarboro, N. C.

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REV. BERTRAM E. BROWN, Editor
MISS LALLAH HUSSEY, Business Manager
C. F. CLAYTON, Advertising Manager

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Tarboro, N. C., March, 1913

THE PRESIDENTS AND THEIR CHURCHES.

Washington—Episcopalian.
J. Adams—Congregationalist.
Jefferson—Episcopalian.
Madison—Episcopalian.
Monroe—Episcopalian.
J. Q. Adams—Congregationlist
Jackson—Presbyterian.
Van Buren—Dutch Reformed.
W. H. Harrison—Episcopalian.
Tyler—Episcopalian.
Polk—Presbyterian.
Taylor—Episcopalian.
Fillmore—Unitarian.
Pierce—Episcopalian.
Buchanan—Presbyterian.
Lincoln—None.
Johnson—None.
Grant—Methodist.
Hayes—Methodist.
Garfield—Disciples.
Arthur—Episcopalian.
Cleveland—Presbyterian.
McKinley—Methodist.
Roosevelt—Dutch Reformed.
Taft—Unitarian.

Wilson, who will become President next month is a Presbyterian, and an earnest Christian man.

Jefferson was baptized as an infant in the Episcopal church, but is by some considered not to have been a believer in the Christian religion. Randall, however, in his Life of Jefferson, asserts that he always claimed to be a Christian, and there is a curious book extant, made up of the sayings of Jesus cut out from English, Greek, and Latin Bibles, and pasted in parallel columns, with comments on the margin in Jefferson's hand.

Lincoln for some reason never joined the church, but he was a very reverent and pious man, spending long periods in earnest prayer, and professing the deepest dependence upon God.

There may be mentioned here also one other who bore the title of President for a time in some of these United States. He fills one of the most vivid memories of my childhood. Thirty years ago I stood a little boy holding my father's hand in the midst of a great crowd on a street of a small town in Alabama. All eyes were turned to the second story balcony of a hotel, where stood a tall, spare, gray old man. He said a few words which I did not hear, and retired, followed by a storm of frantic cheers, among which predominated the shrill, fierce cry that had rung a few years before over so many bloody fields of war. Before me yet there stands out that noble figure in its blaze of light. I recall as if it was yesterday the dignity of his bearing, and the silence that fell upon the crowd as he slowly raised his hand. May not there be proof of the inherent greatness of Jefferson Davis in this simple fact, that a fleeting glimpse of him caught by a little child should remain a glowing memory in a grown man's mind through all the changing years?

He was confirmed during the war, in St. Paul's Church, Richmond, and was never any other than a noble Christian gentleman through all the fierce trials, and dreadful disasters, and bitter sufferings, and weary years of waiting, that followed.

PARDON.

Lucien Young was serving a life sentence in the Kentucky penitentiary. His old schoolmate and lifelong friend, Thomas Holmes, did an heroic deed, for which the legislature gave him a vote of thanks. In addition to this, the Governor sent for him and asked him if there was any favor he could show him in his official capacity. Holmes replied that a pardon for his old friend, Lucien Young, would please him beyond anything else in the world; whereupon the Governor wrote out an unconditional pardon and gave it to him to carry to the prisoner.

Going into Young's cell, Holmes said: "Lucien, if I give you a pardon from the Governor, what will you do?" Young replied: "As soon as I get out, I am going to find Judge Ousley and kill him if it is the last act of my life!" So Holmes walked out again with the pardon in his pocket and went to the Governor and told him to keep the pardon for awhile, for Lucien was not ready to receive it.

Now you will first observe that the pardon was granted solely for the sake of Thomas Holmes, not in the least on account of any mitigating circumstances in the case of Lucien Young.

Then you will observe further that it was offered freely to Lucien Young, no payment of any kind being demanded.

And lastly you will observe that the only reason why he did not walk out a free man was because he was not ready and willing to accept the pardon.

Poor sinner, still bound in your loathsome prison house of sin, the Governor of Heaven and earth long, long ago signed your pardon for the sake of your Friend, Jesus Christ. He wrote and signed it in Jesus' blood! It is offered to you "without money and without price." If you want to leave your prison house: if you will believe the pardon genuine: if you will forgive even as you have been forgiven: accept the pardon your Savior got for you, and walk out into the "glorious liberty of the children of God."

—o—

"THE SINS OF THE FATHERS."

I said I would have my fling,
  And do what a young man may:
And I didn't believe a thing
  That the parsons have to say.
And I said: "Religion is rot,
  And the laws of the world are nil:
For the bad man is he who is caught
  And cannot foot his bill.

So I had my joy of life:
  I went the pace of the town:
And then I took me a wife,
  And started to settle down.
I had gold enough and to spare
  For all of the simple joys
That belong with a house and a home
  And a brood of girls and boys.

I married a girl with health
  And virtue and spotless fame.
I gave in exchange my wealth
  And a proud old family name.
And I gave her the love of a heart
  Grown sated and sick of sin!
My deal with the devil was all cleaned up.
  And the last bill handed in.

But the son she bore me was blind
  And crippled and weak and sore!
And his mother was left a wreck.
  It was so she settled my score.
I said I must have my fling.
  And they knew the path I would go:
Yet no one told me a thing
  Of what I needed to know.

—Wilcox.

—o—

"The King of love my Shepherd is.
  His goodness faileth never,
I nothing lack if I am His,
  And He is mine forever."

CONGREGATION AT RED HILL SCHOOLHOUSE.

Parish Missions.

COUNTY FARM.

Mr. Mike Edwards took Mrs. Batts, Miss Catharine Batts, Mrs. Frank Martin, Miss Galloway and me out to the County Home in his machine this month. There is at Conetoe in the Woodmen's Hall a nice organ which was bought by popular subscription when I used to hold service there. Now it is of no use to anybody, and will eventually be ruined by the dampness and mice. It would be a very proper thing for all who subscribed to it, to agree to its being taken to the County Home, and placed in the Chapel. The music would be a great pleasure to the poor and aged people, and would, of course. be of service to those of any church who at any time cared to use the little chapel for worship. If this should meet the eyes of the Conetoe people who have an interest in it, I hope they will be moved to send the organ at once to the Home.

LAWRENCE AND PARKER'S.

Mr. Kittrell took Mr. Nash, Miss Mary Bourne, Mrs. Frank Martin, and me, to these two Missions on the third Sunday. It was just after the snow, and the roads were as muddy as sandy roads can be, and more so than they should be, but nevertheless we reached both places in good time, and were met by large congregations.

We are fortunate in having two very good pictures in this issue of the congregation at Parker's, and the vehicles they travel in. You will notice more men than women among them!

FOUNTAIN MILL.

There has of late been two baptisms from this Mission over which the angels' joy must have been great. Mr. Gray Whittaker after years of delay, at last made his peace with God, and Mr. Charles Hoard, a young man, in deep conviction and surrender, also accepted Christ as his Savior. Praise God's Holy Name!

BUGGIES AND HORSES AT RED HILL SCHOOLHOUSE.

TARBORO COTTON MILL.

The night of Tuesday, Feb. 11, was dark and cold, a drizzling rain was falling, and mud and water lay deep under foot. Nobody on earth would expect a man to risk his health by going to church on such a night, and I even feared that it would be too bad for women and children to venture out to the Tarboro Cotton Factory Chapel. Three faithful women, however, and five little children, rushed in where strong men feared to tread. We sung a hymn and said our prayers, and read God's Holy Word, and found the Lord as ready with His gracious blessing, according to His promise, as if we had been in a stately fane, surrounded by hundreds of comfortable worshippers.

Now, the names of these eight who cared so much for God in Tarboro that night, shall be read in three continents and in twelve of these United States, besides being recorded with their prayers in Heaven:

Mrs. Jonas Curry,
Miss Emma Parker,
Miss Nemmie Pender,
Evelyn Curry,
Jessie Cherry,
Henry Curry,
Raymond Cherry,
Ralph Cherry.

A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN, FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO. GASTON PHOEBUS, COUNT OF FOIX.

There lived between the years 1340 and 1400 an inquisitive, courtly, lovable, and intelligent priest called Sir John Foissart.

He traveled all his life back and forth through France, England, Scotland, Spain and Italy, visiting the courts of dukes and counts and kings, watching brave tournaments and gallant feats of arms, reading poems of his own composition to gentle ladies, hanging on the outskirts of bloody battles, talking with knights and squires and yeoman about camp and battle, and writing down in a book every blessed thing he saw and heard. His book has come down to us in

twelve large volumes, and is one of the most delightful chronicles of the past in the world. From time to time some of the things old Sir John tells us shall be printed here.

This time it is his account of Count Gaston of Foix, surnamed Phoebus because he was so handsome, whom Sir John considered the finest man he ever met. We learn from him that a man may be a Christian and a gentleman, even if he was a count and lived in the fourteenth century.

"Count Gaston Phoebus de Foix, of whom I am now speaking, was at that time fifty-nine years old; and I must say, that although I have seen very many knights, kings, princes and others, I have never seen any so handsome, either in the form of his body, or in countenance, which was fair and ruddy, with grey and kindly eyes, that gave delight whenever he chose to express affection. He loved earnestly the things he ought to love, and hated those which it became him to hate. He was a prudent knight, full of enterprise and wisdom. He had never any men of abandoned character about him, reigned prudently, and was constant in his devotions. There were regular nocturnals read in his Hall, which were from the Psalter, prayers from the rituals to the Holy Ghost, and from the burial service. He had every day distributed as alms, at his gate, five florins in small coins, to all comers, He was liberal and courteous in his gifts; he knew well how to take what was his, and to give where it was proper. He never liked any foolish works nor ridiculous extravagances; and he knew every month to a denier the amount of his expenditure.

"He mightily loved dogs, and when not obliged to go to war, he amused himself with hunting.

"He had certain coffers in his apartment, from whence he took money to give to different knights, squires, minstrels, priests, and other gentlemen when they came to wait on him; for none ever left him without a gift; and these sums he constantly increased, in order to be prepared for any event that might happen. He was easy of access to all, and entered very freely into discourse, though laconic in his advice and in his answers.

"In short, everything considered, though I had been in several courts of kings, dukes, princes, counts, and noble ladies, I was never at one which pleased me more with feats of arms, than at this one of the Count de Foix. There were knights and squires to be seen in every room, hall and court, going backwards and forwards, and conversing always on arms and love and such high and noble themes. Every honorable thing was there to be seen."

I take it that this description of Count Gaston contains two tributes to his character, one to his heart and the other to his head, than which no man can hope to have higher paid him—mark them well—

1. *"He loved earnestly the things he ought to love, and hated those which it became him to hate."*

2. *"He knew well how to take what was his, and to give where it was proper."*

So far as those two statements may be truly made of any man, so far has he grown into the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

ANOTHER LETTER FROM ABRAM HARB.

Burkien, via Jenien,
Syria, Palestine.
Dec. 3, 1912.

Rev. Sir & Brother in Christ:

As my letter may reach you by Christmas, or a little later, I should like to say as we say to each other here, Every year may you be happy. I am sending to you a card on which there are flowers stuck. They are from the flowers of Galilee, & I wrote in Arabic on it, I wish you a happy New Year. It reads like this in Arabic, Kiel saneh wantum salirnien.

Wadea is gone to a school which belongs to the C. M. S. in a village near Acre, or Akko. I hope he will be a missionary in future, and a child of God. Please pray for him, and remember him around the throne of Grace. Harb, his brother is in Ramallah, i. e., Ramathaim Zophim, I Sam. I: 1.

I shall be very glad to hear from you because it gives me pleasure. When I get a letter or a note it assures me that you did not forget me.

These days our country is in great trouble. We can hardly go to a village, because every day you hear that someone is robbed on the way, and someone is killed. Today last night a man of Burkien was shot & died at the spot, because the robbers came by night and stole some sheep & he went to see what is the matter & a thief shot him.

We are in danger, will you please pray for us so that we may not be touched with any harm. The country is in great disturbance on account of the war between Turkey and Bulgaria. May God bring it to peace! You cannot imagine how we are in these days.

The ladies are all well. Miss Coomber is gone to a village near Jaffa called Abud. It is near Yinnath Sareh, the native place of Joshua. We have in Abud another station of our Palestine Village Mission. My daughter, Ruzena is gone there to be a school teacher. Please pray for her that she may be given wisdom to teach the girls the word of salvation.

I now end with many salaams to you in which my wife joins.

I remain yours in Christ's service,

ABRAM HARB.

—o—

TEN VERY GOOD REASONS

Why every respectable thinking man should swear as often and hard as he can

1 Because it is such an elegant way of expressing one's thoughts.

2 Because it is such a conclusive proof of taste and good breeding.

3 Because it is such a sure way of making one's self agreeable to one's friends.

4 Because it is a positive evidence of acquaintance with good literature.

5 Because it furnishes such a good example and training for boys.

6 Because it is just what a man's mother enjoys hearing her son do.

7 Because it would look so nice in print.

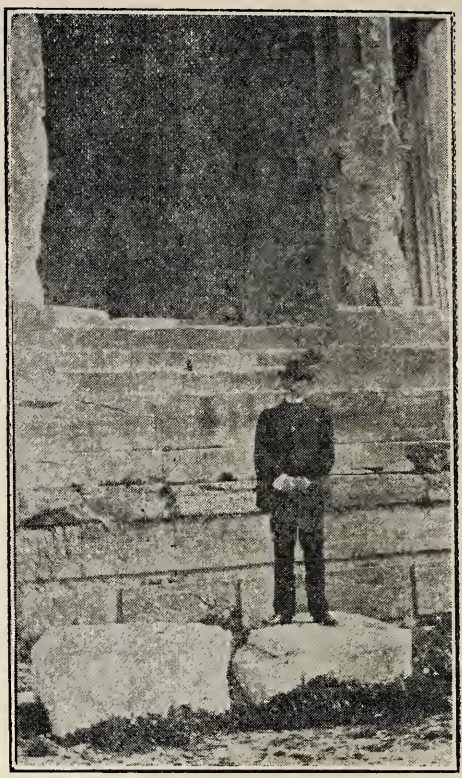
8 Because it is such a good way of increasing one's self respect.

9 Because it is such a help to manhood and virtue in many ways.

10 Because it is such an infallible way of improving one's chances in the hereafter.

—o—

"I know not where His islands lift.
Their fretted palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift,
Beyond His love and care."



FRONT OF THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.

Three Sacred Sites.

"And Pilate wrote a title and put it on the cross. And the writing was, *Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews.* This title read many of the Jews: for the place where Jesus was crucifiied was nigh to the city: and it was written in *Hebrew,* and *Greek,* and *Latin.*"—St. John, 19: 19-29.

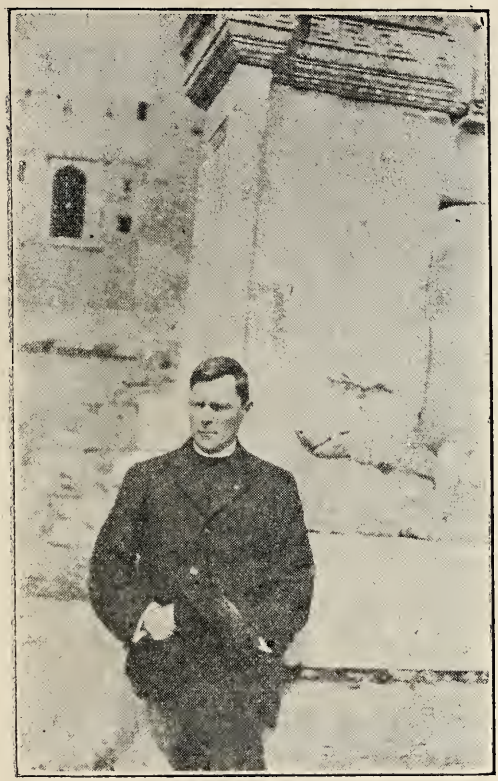
The Blessed Lord was incarnate in Hebrew flesh. He taught His truth in Grecian words. He died to redeem mankind upon a Roman cross.

*

From the Hebrew Temple came the Law and the Prophets, by which men learned of the one, true and righteous God, and of the coming of His Christ. From the Roman Forum went out those perfect roads along which sped the messengers of Christ to the ends of all the earth. From the Grecian Hill sounded the music of that wondrous speech, fit medium of expression for the Master's message.

*

His great Apostle was born a Hebrew of the Hebrews: in a city of Grecian culture: a citizen of Rome.



HADRIAN'S VOTIVE TABLET IN THE FORUM AT ROME.

Through the Roman Forum wound the long trains of laurel-crowned soldiery and chained captives, the instruments and the victims of the Roman's power: among the exquisite columns of Athens' Parthenon wise men talked of the mysteries of human life, and mused of the beauty of this world: from the courts of the Hebrew Temple went up always the smoke of sacrifices offered to a righteous God to atone for the sins of men.

*

From the Roman we learned law and government: from the Greek art and philosophy: and from the Jew we learned that which saves law and government from becoming brutality and beauty from becoming sensuality, the righteousness and mercy of God.

BEFORE THE MOSQUE OF OMAR ON THE TEMPLE SITE JERUSALEM.

"Stone that breathes and struggles,
Brass that seems to speak:
Such power the Gods who dwell on high
Have given unto the Greek."

"Thine, Roman, is the broadsword.
Roman the spear is thine:
The circling trench, the bristling mound,
The legion's ordered line;
And thine the wheels of triumph
Which with the laurelled train,
Move slowly up the sacred street,
To Jove's eternal fame."

"One thing have I desired of the Lord
Even that I may dwell in the House of the Lord,
All the days of my life!
To behold the fair beauty of the Lord,
And to visit His Temple." Ps. 27:4.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

Calvary Chapter held its regular meeting Wednesday, Feb. 19. Our dear friend and brother Frank Martin came in just as the personal reports were closing, and immediately, at the Director's request, began his report. Not one of us will forget as long as life lasts the picture of him standing there, in his downright, hearty and modest way telling what he had been trying to do for the Lord Jesus Christ among his fellow men. We count it one of God's gracious blessings that our brother should have been allowed to leave us that noble last memory to be treasured among our thoughts of him always. With me, it shall stand beside one other precious recollection of him. Three years ago we sat all day in a blind in the Roanoke Swamp watching for wild turkeys, and talking of many high and sacred things. We then and there made a new resolution to live according to God's will as He gave us grace.

In a town in Louisiana one of the regular customers of our brother's house came around to his hotel on Sunday to look at his samples and give him an order.

He was a large dealer and his trade was valuable. It was therefore no easy thing for him to tell him that as he was living a Christian's life now he could not do business on Sunday. The customer went off in a rage declaring he would buy elsewhere from then on.

Next morning early he came bock and apologized. It had come to him in the night how base it was for him to get angry with a man for doing what he thought right even to his loss, and he had grown heartily ashamed of himself. He looked over the samples, and made an order for shoes larger than he had ever done before.

He wore his Cross always and from here to Texas he spoke when occasion offered for the Master's honor. What a radiancy of joy it is to know that when the summons comes to one we love, he is found ready!

He was found on the Boston boat Sunday morning on his knees beside his berth dead. Evidently the summons came as he was saying his morning prayers!

"Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is. For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants and to every man his work. Watch ye therefore; for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."—St. Mark, 13: 33-37.

BIBLE CLASS.

Eighty-one men attended the Bible Class on one or more of the seven Sundays from Jan. 12. to Feb. 23.

7. Paul McCabe, B. E. Brown, J. C. Curry, J. B. Austin, Z. N. Eppes, Frank Hart, Almon Hart, J. R. Pender, Ed. Pennington, Churchill Hodges.

6. Joe Pennington, J. A. Weddell, Sr., R. N. Taylor, M. A. Curtis, W. S. Clark, James Strickland, J. R. Jones.

5. Charlie Bowers, Wm. Strickland, Jr., O. Curry, E. H. Lewis Joe Varnell, Lucius Conway, Hyman Philips, F. M. Carlisle, John Varnell, *J. W. Forbes.

4. John Parker, F. J. Murdoch, T. T. Cherry, Henry Keehln, Frank Martin.

3. Lonnie Strickland, Jas. Tadlock, J. H. Jacocks, Ollin Johnson, Jerry Monney, J. Callen, C. A. Dowdy, J. D. Webb, *R. G. Kittrell.

2. J. S. Brown, J. A. Weddell, Jr., J. K. Newton, S. E. Speight, Walter Cobb, Geo. Stallings, Norman Barr, Julius Conway, J. C. Horne, Kitchen Varnell, W. E. Moore, Berry Thomas, Wm. Strickland, Sr.

1. Joe Dew, G. W. Whittaker, Fentress Beach, J. W. Spruill, Humphreys, Jack Bunting, *S. S. Nash, Theo. Cheshire, Sherman Barr, Henry Savage, John Hinson, Robt. Sugg, Jno. A. Knox, Charlie Hoard, Joe Hinson, Charlie Lassiter, Frank Savage, L. Barton, W. R. Ricks, James Satterthwaite, Ed. Strickland, Jas. Anderson, Newet Webb, A. T. Cross.

*These were teaching Sunday School elsewhere when absent from this class.

PREFACE.

This letter will serve as an introduction to an article on Prayer by the Rev. Louis Tucker.

Bastrop, La., Feb. 14.

My dear Brown:

Your letter and papers came today. I have three important letters to get off and some MS. to finish for the printer, but I lay them aside to write to you. I demand a fee, however. Put me on the free list for your paper, tell me where you got the information concerning doubting Thomas, St. Peter, St. John, and work—(I shall make an article out of it, but suspect that you made it up)—and go to bed earlier.

I am slowly coming round to the belief that the world at large must be blind concerning prayer: so many people have called my articles (there are half a dozen of them) remarkable, and they have been so widely reprinted. As a matter of fact they are not remarkable at all, but plain commonsense: and I happened upon the facts in course of work on the Life of Christ which I am writing for my own satisfaction and not for publication. Being interested—as who is not—in the subject, I made a note of each separate saying of Our Lord concerning prayer as I came across it. When the notes bulked pretty large I took a concordance, ran over the references to make sure that nothing had been accidentally omitted, and reduced the whole to a page of rules, for insertion in the "Life." I have found each separate rule in works on prayer. I have merely assembled them: though not from works on devotion, but from Our Lord's words.

You may print such part of this explanation as seems best to you for an introduction to the article if you think it will help.

Am glad to have heard from you. Write again and tell me whether you made up that yarn about St. Thomas, or read it, and if you read it, where.

Very truly yours,

LOUIS TUCKER.

PRAYER.

Our Lord never codified anything. He was engaged in more important things. He merely told us the facts in passing, and went on, and left us to assemble those facts and apply them.

His directions concerning prayer are therefore scattered through the Gospels and not assembled anywhere. When codified and reduced to rules the rules are five, seven, nine or ten in number, according to taste; for some minds prefer to separate every statement, others to lump two or three parallel statements together. There is and can be no difference of opinion about the laws themselves, the facts are the same whether you group them in five paragraphs or in ten. They may be verified at any time by the use of a concordance.

Arranged in ten paragraphs the laws of prayer are as follows:

1. Prayer must be made with faith.
2. It must be with concentrated and unwavering mind.
3. It must be frequent. Few things will be granted at the first asking.
4. It must follow confession of sins.
5. It must follow forgiveness of enemies.
6. Private prayer must be

private, secret, unknown to anybody. This rule does not apply to public worship, nor to instruction of others how to pray, nor to moments of extreme stress, like the agony in Gethsemane.

7. Prayer must be in Christ's name.

8. It must be without any latent selfish purpose.

9. Ample and full granting can only follow prayers prayed by those who have "borne fruit," i. e., done good work for God.

10. Certain great evils are only removed at the petition of those who pray fasting.

Faith is a varying and unregistered quantity. Every prayer has *some* faith in it otherwise it would not be uttered. No prayer has yet removed a mountain or planted a sycamore tree in the sea, because the combination of perfect faith with perfect unselfishness, forgiveness and good works has occurred in one person only: and he, though he wrought greater works by prayer, never had occasion to remove a tree or a mountain. Faith grows. He who prays much and notes the answers—every prayer is answered, though not necessarily granted—grows in faith, and therefore in percentage of granted prayers.

The most difficult thing about prayer is concentration of mind. The human mind is so prone to wander that, when untrained, it rarely stays on any one subject more than a few seconds. We do most of our thinking by constantly returning to a subject until we get it thought out, not by unwavering concentration. For this reason the longer prayers of the untrained mind are rarely fully answered. The only way to learn concentration is by concentrating. Steadiness of mind comes only from practice, and repeated trials are necessary. Pray a hundred times a day, short ejaculatory prayers: pray a word or two in the silence of the heart, every time you think of it. Do not use the same words. The danger of rosaries, like that of manuals of prayer, is that the mind may fall into mechanical repetition. Have a set time and set place where you daily pray a longer prayer, and lengthen it month by month as the power of concentration grows.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS OF INQUIRY.

Rector of the Episcopal Church,
Tarboro, N. C.

Dear Sir:

I have come to ask a personal favor from your hands, and assure you that the information will be strictly confidential. I ask that you tell me what you know about Mr. ——— formerly of your town but now of ——— ———. Is he a member of your church or any other church, and in good standing in same? What is his general character? What class of people does he associate with? What do you know about the family he is from, and their standing? Can he be trusted? Is he truthful? Is he industrious? What are his chances to succeed in the business world? Is he accumulating anything, or does he spend all he makes.

Thanking you in advance for the information, and wish the assurance that I shall be glad to

serve you in any way that I can, I am

Yours very truly.

———————

Such letters as this come to me every little while. Some of them are about young men who have applied to the writers for employment, and some about young men who are in love with the writers' daughters. It is a pleasure to me to answer in glowing terms of praise for the young man when I can, and it is a pain to me to be obliged to answer otherwise. If he is a Christian in profession and life I recommend him with all my heart, and if he is not a Christian in profession and life I decline to speak in his favor.. If he drinks or gambles I warn everybody against having anything at all to do with him in either a business or a social way.

—o—

NOONDAY SERVICE.

The twenty minute noonday service for men in the moving picture tent is being abundantly blessed. We are grateful to the management, Messrs. Riggans and Green, for the use of their lantern to throw hymns and pictures on the screen during service, and for the active assistance in this of Mr. Green. It is evident that men who do not go regularly to church, are nevertheless intensely interested in the Gospel of Christ, and responsive to His message.

The Blessed Lord did not say "Build ye a temple, and invite all the world into it to hear the Gospel," but "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Whenever in the church's history that plain command has been faithfully obeyed—in the Apostolic age, in the time of St. Francis and his Preaching Friars, in the time of Wesley, by the Salvation Army, by the Rescue Missions of today—God has poured out upon the effort the abundance of His grace.

—o—

PRODIGAL YET.

Many a saved Christian hangs trembling all his earthly life on the very brink of fall. He looks back upon his old days of sin, and allows the evil lure of them to call to his soul. But that is his fault and need not be. The Lord promised His children peace, and He keeps His promises. Full and childlike trust will save him from any such agony as this poem expresses—

"Muck of the sty, reek of the trough,
Blackened my brow where all might see,
Yet while I was a great way off
My Father ran with compassion for me.

He put on my hand a ring of gold
(There's no escape from a ring, they say):
He put on my neck, a chain to hold
My passionate spirit from breaking away.

He put on my feet the shoes that miss
No chance to tread in the narrow path:
He pressed on my lips the burning kiss
That scorches deeper than fires of wrath.

He filled my body with meat and wine,
He flooded my heart with love's white light:
Yet deep in the mire, with sensual swine,
I long—God help me!—to wallow tonight.

Muck of the sty, reek of the trough,
Blacken my soul where none may see,
Father, I yet am a long way off—
Come quickly, Lord! Have compassion on me!"

ARNHEIM

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THE JEWELER

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This is the question every one

asks when an alarm is sounded

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Tarboro, N. C.

The Christian Worker

"As Workers Together With Him"

Vol. 1 TARBORO, N. C., APRIL, 1913 No. 7

"Entered as second-class matter October 19th, 1912, at the post office at Tarboro, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879."

THINK ABOUT THIS.

You think your reason for not coming to Christ is that there are so many church members whose failings and faults offend you? Well, dear friend, did it never occur to you that on the other hand, you might yourself be quite out of place in a church made up entirely of angels?

✠

Perhaps you think the miracles in the Bible are incredible to you. The story of Balaam, for instance —it seems to you beyond belief that an ass ever opened his mouth and spoke like a man. Well, do you know, that does not appear after all a bit more preposterous to me than that a man should open his mouth and speak like an ass!

Perhaps like Felix you are waiting for a more convenient season to get right with God. A more convenient season than the present never comes. I once asked a man why he did not come to Christ, and he said because he was not married. As soon as he married and settled down, he was confident that he would come. Eight years afterwards I went back to that same town and found him with a wife and five children. Again I asked him why he did not come to Christ, and he said because he was married. The cares of family life made it impossible, but as soon as his children grew up and left home, he was confident that he would come!

SHORT SERMONS.

Found.—"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." St. Luke, 19: 10.

Your salvation does not depend upon your finding God, but upon your letting God find you. Sinner, the Lord is calling you. (S. Mark, 2: 17). Why don't you answer? He is knocking at the door of your soul, (Rev. 3: 20) Why don't you let your Saviour in? He is seeking you through all the weary wilderness of sin. (St. Luke, 15: 3). Why don't you let your Good Shepherd take you home?"

The Ring.—"Put a ring on his hand." St. Luke, 15: 22.

The Father gave a ring to his son come penitent home. The ring was His own signet ring, conferring His power and authority upon him who wore it, as Pharaoh gave his ring to Joseph, making him second ruler in the land. If you have come home to God, He has given you His ring, and you possess God's powers. You can call for His peace and it is yours. You can order Satan to depart as Jesus did, and he must leave. You can approach with prayer the gates of God's treasury, and when you show the ring, God's richest blessings will be handed you. Use your ring, Christian!

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

In a former issue I told of my meeting with the Lord Bishop of London in the Church of England Mission hospital in the ancient town of Shechem in Palestine As he walked among the poor Moslem patients there that day carrying the love of Jesus, so he did to this sick bed in London.

Offers Petition by Bedside of Raving Girl Who Sinks Into deep Sleep.

"London, March 14.—The Rt. Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London, has just made public the following remarkable experience:

In the course of his mission at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, he received a letter from a mother about her daughter, who was lying seriously ill from a nervous breakdown. The girl had heard the Bishop preach before she became ill, and begged her mother to send him a request for prayer. "We are told by St. James," wrote the mother, "to send for the elders of the Church, who will anoint the sick with oil, and the prayer of faith will save the sick."

The Bishop's narrative of what followed is thus reported in The Guardian, a Church paper:

"Within twenty minutes I was in the room. The poor little child had been raving and shrieking during the afternoon. At first it seemed almost unlikely that it would be possible without frightening her, to pray for her and carry out the directions of St. James; but this extraordinary thing happened; As I went into the room I said: 'Do you know me, dear?' 'Yes,' she said, and slipped her hand into mine. She had not slept for a long time. With the mother and nurse I knelt by her bed. We had two prayers; then I anointed her forehead with oil, prayed for a blessing on it, placed my hand upon her head and gave her my blessing. At that moment she sank back into a deep sleep, slept for hours during the night, and—thank God!—if it be His good pleasure, she is now on the highway to recovery.

"I knew that evening that Jesus was personally with us. I could not help thinking of the raising of Jairus's daughter. It seemed almost the same thing over again. This little girl believed in prayer. Her petition had not been sent in, but was offered by her bedside, and will be offered again tonight."—*By Marconi Transatlantic Wireless Telegraph to the New York Times.*

A LIFE STORY.

I was born in Baltimore, of well-to-do parents. During my childhood I was very carefully trained. It was feared that I would come in contact with undesirable companions at school, so I was taught by a tutor at home. I was sent to Sunday School regularly, but took no interest in what was taught there. When I heard such words as, "Jesus said unto His disciples," I remember saying to myself, "Well, suppose He did. What has that got to do with me?"

After two years at college, I entered the employ of a great corporation, and by energy and

persistent effort gained a high position with a large salary. Having inherited consid e r a b l e property, and with much money at my command, I entered society in the company of a very fast set. I took to drink, liked it, liked my fast companions, and all of the many things which drink leads to. I drank hard, not occasionally, but every night, and at first suffered little bad effects from it. For a long time I wondered how people could get drunk, fall down, go to sleep in the gutters, on door steps, and the like, and felt reasonably sure that if drink affected me that way I would quit it.

After ten years of this life it did begin to affect me, and I realized it. I resigned my position knowing I was no longer competent to render services up to my former standard, and preferring to leave before others found it out. Then I began to battle against drink, and no man ever had a greater desire to escape from it, or better reason to seek freedom.

With ample means at my disposal to try any remedy or man-made device, I fought to be free from my habit. I tried running away from it, leaving my old companions and going to another city, and taking long trips, only to find that I was continually growing worse. I left cities and went to live on my farm, thinking that there I could keep away from drink, being out of sight of where it was sold and of the kind of men I usually met in barrooms. In a short while I was neglecting my farm, and my poultry plant, spending more time in the nearest city than at home. Finally I began again to live in town at my club, all of my ambition gone, desiring nothing in the world but to drink whiskey, and associate with others in the same condition.

All this time I did not want to be what I was. I knew I was wrong, but I had no hope of salvation. I had never read an entire chapter of the Bible in my life, but many a time I wished that I had followed the advice and teaching that had been so lovingly given me in my early days. My condition morally mentally and physically at last became such that I was ashamed to be seen by my friends and other people for whom I had respect, and so I tried running away again, finally winding up in Philadelphia.

My remorse, anguish, burden of guilt, became so heavy I concluded I could not bear it any longer. I had a faint hope that if there was a Hell hereafter it could not be any worse than the Hell I had made for myself on earth. I started to the Deleware river to drown myself, and on my way saw a sign over a large doorway reading, "Galilee Mission, Under the Auspices of the Episcopal Church." As it was too early in the evening to jump in the river as I had fully resolved to do, I went in the Mission to wait.

There I found out that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. A Christian worker came and asked me if I was a Christian. I told him no, but that on the contrary I was a lost sinner, with a burden more than I could bear. He begged me to turn to God and told me that He would bless me, but I could not believe that there was anything real in that kind of talk. After much persuasion I accompanied

my new friend into the inquiry room, and kneeling down with him I was led to call on God for mercy. Then and there a peace settled over me such as I had never known before. I knew that the Gospel call for sinners to repent and turn to God was true, and for me. What doctors, medicines, and my own efforts for ten years failed utterly to do God did for me in one brief moment. My desire for drink passed from me, energy and ambition were restored, and I started out to win back my rightful place in the world.

For eight months I struggled along with fair success from a worldly standpoint, but I never told a single person what God had done for me, and did not know that I should try to bring other men to God too. I heard a sermon preached by the Rev. Bertram E. Brown, of Tarboro, N. C., which made me realize that this was my duty. I started right in telling others of the peace I had found in Jesus Christ, and God added to my joy and peace. Continuing in His services giving my testimony among sinners wherever I happened to be, I grew always in the grace of God. Twice I fell for a moment back into sin, but I called to God each time, and He lifted me up.

The blessings God has bestowed upon me have been manifold, the greatest of them being the call to the sacred ministry of His church which came to me by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost who gave me witness of my salvation and acceptance with God.

When I went into the Mission that night, December, 11, 1909, I was a mental, moral, and physical wreck unable to do an hour's hard work. Soon afterwards I worked for three months without breaking down at the violent labor of firing an engine on a stretch of track full of the heaviest gradings on the Reading railroad. When I left Philadelphia I was holding a responsible position with a large business firm, and in 1911 two physicians examined and pronounced me physically perfect. The day of miracles has never passed, praise God's Holy Name!

ARTHUR W. TAYLOR,
LAY MISSIONARY,
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Andrew Jackson, lawyer, soldier, statesman, victor of the Horse Shoe and New Orleans, twice President of the United States, native of North Carolina, was one of America's strongest and greatest in an age when men strong and great were many. His heart was a hotbed of vindictive passions and his hands were stained with human blood shed in public and in private quarrel. Yet at the last the Holy Spirit found His way into that fiery soul, and gave him peace. The story of his repentance and public profession of his Saviour cannot fail to interest every Christian man. Here is the account as given in Parton's Life of Jackson.

"Gen. Jackson retired to his apartment. He passed the evening and the greater part of the night in meditation, in reading, in prayers. He was sore dis-

tressed. What thoughts passed through his mind as he paced his room in the silence of the night, of *what sins* he repented, and *what* actions of his life he wished he had not done, no one knows, or ever will know. As the day was breaking, light seemed to dawn upon his troubled soul and a great peace fell on him.

"To Dr. Edgar, who came to see him soon after sunrise, Gen. Jackson told the joyful history of the night, and expressed a desire to be admitted into the church that very morning. The usual questions respecting doctrine and experience were satisfactorily answered by the candidate. Then there was a pause in the conversation. The clergyman said at length:

" 'General there is one more question which it is my duty to ask you. Can you forgive all your enemies?'

"The question was evidently unexpected, and the candidate was silent for awhile.

" 'My political enemies,' said he, 'I can freely forgive; but as for those who abused me when I was serving my country in the field, and those who attacked me *for* serving my country—that is a different case!

"The doctor assured him that it was not. Christ, he said, forbade the indulgence of enmity absolutely and in all cases. No man could be received into the Christian church who did not cast out of his heart every feeling of that nature. It was a condition that was fundamental and indispensable.

"After a considerable pause, the candidate said he thought he could forgive all who had injured him.

"The Hermitage church was crowded to the utmost of its small capacity; the very windows were darkened with the eager faces of the slaves. After the usual services, the general rose to make the required public declaration. He leaned heavily upon his stick with both hands; tears rolled down his cheeks. Amid a silence the most profound, the general answered the questions proposed to him. When he was formerly pronounced a member of the church, the long-restrained feelings of the congregation burst forth in sobs and exclamations. The clergyman himself was speechless with emotion, and abandoned himself to the exaltation of the hour. A familiar hymn was raised, in which the entire assembly, both within and without the church, joined with an ecstatic fervor."

Jackson had but little time in which to show the sincerity of his conversion, but there is no doubt as to the genuineness of it, nor of the comfort and peace that came to the battle-scarred, storm-racked man in those last years of his tempestuous life.

On May 24, 1845, the last Sunday but two of his life, Gen. Jackson partook of the Communion in the presence of his family. He spoke much of the consolation of religion, and declared he was ready for the final summons. "Death," said he, "has no terrors for me. When I have suffered sufficiently, the Lord will take me to Himself; but what are my sufferings compared with those of the blessed Saviour who died on the cross for me? Mine are nothing."

"Whatever ways my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine."

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BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

Truth is stranger than fiction, as has been said before. Now, as an evidence of this, the following statements about our Chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew are offered. Some of them taken separately, or all of them taken together, will seem too strange for easy credence by anyone who does not know them to be true.

1. A member of this Chapter went to President Wilson's inauguration, and in the great Union Station at Washington persuaded forty men and women from Ohio to kneel down on the floor of the main waiting room and pray with him.

2. A member of this Chapter, who has himself been a Christian but three years, has within that time brought to Christ his wife, five children, mother-in-law, father, step-mother, brother, sister, aunt, aunt's grand-daughter, and conducts a large Sunday School in his own house.

3. A member of this Chapter, a veteran of the Confederate army, rides thirty miles every Sunday in a buggy to conduct three country Sunday schools, and gets back in time to sing at Evening Prayer in the parish choir.

4. Another member, also a veteran of the Confederate army, is director of the parish choir of thirty voices, a member of the Bible class, and organist at Evening Prayer in the parish church.

5. Two members each spent a year voluntarily in the State penitentiary for Christ's sake and their fellow men's and are now students for the ministry at the Virginia Seminary.

6. A member is Superintendent of a Sunday school of two hundred pupils, reads the Lessons at Morning Prayer in the parish church, and plays a violin in the choir.

7. A member teaches a class of boys in Sunday School, and conducts a prayer-meeting in a rented room during the week.

8. Four members help keep up a Men's Bible Class of over sixty members, conduct two Sunday Schools of seventy-five pupils each in two cotton factory villages, and assist at three mission prayer meetings during the week.

9. A member who has been a Christian but three years gives his whole time to Christian work as a lay-missionary in a neighboring factory village.

10. A member is studying personal work at a rescue mission in Philadelphia.

11. The Chapter has twenty-seven members, altho a local by-law is rigidly enforced by which any member absent from two meetings without reasonable excuse is dropped from the roll. This is in a parish of less than four hundred communicants, in a town of not over three thousand white people.

12. Every member is ready and able and willing to pray in public or in private with any soul desiring it, and to stand up

in any company and speak a word for the Lord Jesus Christ.

13. Not a member drinks whiskey in any amount, or believes in any other man doing it.

14. By profession they are 2 accountants, 4 mechanics, 2 traveling salesman, 1 printer, 1 mail carrier, 2 students, 1 insurance agent, 1 automobile agent, 1 lay missionary, 3 farmers, 6 cotton mill operatives, and 3 bankers.

✠

One of our members recently went back to the country neighborhood where he was born and raised, in Person county. While there he attended a prayer meeting at the home of a good Baptist Christian. The subsequent proceedings are fully described in the following clipping from the Roxboro Courier:

"The prayer meeting was at Brother John Wilborn's Sunday night March the 10th. Brother Walter Wilkerson opened the meeting by reading some scripture, singing, etc. Brother Wilborn then made a short talk and said Brother Charlie Clayton of Tarboro was with us and he would be pleased to hear from him. Brother Clayton gave us quite a lengthy talk explaining to us that we were all sinners and that the man with the little private sin was just as guilty as the one guilty of murder, etc., in the sight of God. His talk was well received. He then said he was very anxious to hear from others, both men and ladies. The ladies then took a hand, Mrs. Albert Riley making a most excellent talk. I don't think any one doubted her sincerity, it was an appeal which reached the heart of every one having grown up boys and girls. She was followed by Mrs. Jonah Long and Mrs. Walter Wilkerson, and they were followed by brother Varner Slaughter, A. Gentry and Jacob Long."

✠

Resolutions.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, our loving and most merciful Father, to call out of the world the soul of our dear brother J. Frank Martin,

Therefore be it resolved by Calvary Chapter, No. 461 of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

First: That bowing humbly to the Divine Will, we recognize in this sudden death a renewed reminder of the shortness and uncertainty of human life, and a call so to live that we may never be afraid or unfit to die; that so we may be prepared to receive the benediction expressed in the words of our Lord: "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching."

Second: That in the death of Mr. Martin the Church has lost a loving son, and this Brotherhood a faithful and earnest brother and co-worker, whose constant cheerfulness and ready helpfulness we will sadly miss.

Third: That with grief in our own hearts, and tenderest sympathy for the bereaved family, we offer our prayers in their behalf that He, who is the Father of the fatherless, and the God of the widow, will sustain and comfort them in their sore distress; and that "On the Resurrection morning when soul and body meet again," we will all be re-united in the "joyful resurrection to eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Fourth: That these resolutions shall be spread on our

minutes, and a copy be sent to the family of our departed brother, and also for publication in The Christian Worker.

M. A. CURTIS,
R. N. TAYLOR,
E. H. LEWIS,
Committee.

QUESTION BOX.

Any question about religion, or the particular doctrines of our church, asked by word of mouth or in writing, will be answered every month in this column as fully as possible.

Q. As God is right here present with us always, why did the Lord teach us to pray "Our Father who art in Heaven?"

A. "Father who art in Heaven," or "Heavenly Father," was a title often used by the Lord in speaking of the Father. Its purpose was to distinguish Him from earthly fathers, not to designate His whereabouts. In order that we might not lose the sense of God's nearness when praying and feel that we were addressing God away off in a distant Heaven the Lord gave us directions like this—"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

Q. Is our Lord mentioned in any history of His own time outside the Bible?

Flavius Josephus, Jewish historian, born in the last year of Tiberius Caesar, or about five years after the Lord's Ascension, and who therefore grew up while St. Peter, St. John, and many who knew Jesus were living, makes mention of the Saviour in Chapter III, section 3, of his "Antiquities of the Jews." It is a short reference, ending with the words, "And the tribe of Christians so named from him, are not extinct at this day."

Cornelius Tacitus, a Roman historian, born, in the sixth year of Nero's reign, or about twenty-five years after the Lord's Ascension, mentions Jesus as having founded the sect of Christians, and being put to death under Pontius Pilate, Procurator of Judea, in book XV, chapter XLIV of his "Annals."

The genuineness of Josephus' reference has been questioned, and there is little doubt that some parts of the passage as it now stands were added in later times, but so eminent a critic as Renan argued that other parts of the passage were certainly written by Josephus. The passage in Tacitus has never been questioned so far as we know.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

"Blind Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd;—he hears a breath
Say "It is Christ of Nazareth!"
And calls in tones of agony,
Jasou, eleason me!

The thronging multitudes increase;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;
Until they say, "He calleth thee!"
Tharsei, egeirai, phonei se!

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, "What Wilt thou at my hands?"
And he replies, "O give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!"
And Jesus answers, "Uparge,
A pistis sou sesoke se!"

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three,
Jasou, eleason me.
Tharsei, egeirai, upage!
A pistis sou sesoke se!"

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THE COUNTY HOME.

We went out to the County Home this month in the carriage of Mrs. Jno. L. Bridgers and had a good service with a very large number of neighbors besides the inmates of the Home. The man with the crutches is a good old Dutchman who loves to hear the Gospel and strives to obey it. The other is Mr. R. A. Fulford, aged eighty-nine years, a Confederate veteran. He is a church member, and a faithful servant of Christ. Since he has been at the Home he has never uttered a complaint. but has lived in all Christian patience and trust, making but this one request of Mr. Martin in all that time, that when he dies he might be buried by his wife in Pitt county.

There is but One who can teach us to say, "for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Phil. 4: 11.

LETTERS.

Birmingham, Ala.
March 10, 1913.

My dear Friend:

Yesterday Burr and his wife were with us, and he gave me the pleasure of reading your excellent paper.

Permit me to correct two errors in it as to the churchmanship of Polk and Grant. In the autobiography of Dr. John B. Mc. Farren he relates that he baptized Mr. Polk soon after the close of his administration, in Nashville, Tenn., and received him into the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and his name can now be seen on the register of the McKendree Church in Nashville. Mr. Polk was buried from that church, and Mr. McFarren preached his funeral sermon, which is published in full in his life by Fitzgerald. The family of Mr Polk were generally Episcopalians—but he was a member of the M. E. church, South.

Gen. Grant's family and his wife's family were of the Northern Methodist Church, but he never joined that or any church. I have seen the list in several papers just as you publish it—but I wanted you to have it right. Your tribute to Mr. Davis thrilled me, and as a veteran I thank you for it. He was the greatest of them all: great in victory, but greater still in prison and chains. No one but a Christian could have borne the wrongs inflicted on him with the patient fortitude he displayed.

I devoutly pray that your work may prosper more and more, and that you may reap as your reward an abundant harvest of souls saved from the death of sin.

All are well here, and often speak of you most lovingly.

With best wishes, I am,

Faithfully yours.
F. S. FERGUSON.

✠

Tarboro, N. C.
Feb. 26, 1913.

Dear Mr. Brown:

The Christian Worker that I subscribed for was to go to my father.

I would like to write a few words in praise and gratitude to God which you can publish in the paper if you like.

Please correct the mistakes, as I am a poor writer.

THANKSGIVING.

I thank God for the new life and peace which He has given me. I was baptized the first Sunday in December, 1912, and since then life has been sweet to me. I never knew the light of life till I accepted Christ as my Saviour, and put my trust in Him. May everyone who has not accepted Christ come and accept Him now. May God bless and keep us all!

Respectfully yours,
CLEVIE PERRY.

✠

Philadelphia, Penn.
March 3, 1913.

Dear Mr. Brown:

I received your letter while I was at the hospital, and was unable to answer. But now God has made me well. I must tell you about it. I was at the hospital sixteen days, but I was happy all the time. In front of where I lay there was on the wall a verse of Scripture which said "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of

yourselves; it is the gift of God."

As I read that verse I thought how weak man was, and what a great thing faith was, and what a blessing it was that we all could be saved by that faith. Then I made promises to God what I would do if he would give me that great faith. I prayed that God would give me wisdom and knowledge that I might understand His Holy Word, and that He would use me for some purpose, and I believe he will. God is certainly answering my prayer, and now I am working all for Him. I was sick when I wrote that I wanted to go back, and not trusting God as I should have done. God tells us to be content in whatever state we may be in, and I am going to be that.

We are having a grand time at the Mission. I never fail to get up and testify for God. Louis Heine and myself were asked to go to the Home Thursday night to conduct the meeting, and so we went. I did not know I could talk from the platform. I thought my legs would shake off. But I said what God gave me to say the best I could, and the good people asked us to come again.

I want you to make special prayers for me, that I may do all I can the best I can, with God's help.

Give my love to all at the Tarboro Cotton Factory, and think of me at every meeting.

God be with you all till we meet again.

From Your True Friend,
NEWET WEBB.

✠

Shrewsbury, England
7, 20, '12.

Dear Sir:

I now take the pleasure of writing these few lines to you, hoping it will find you and all your family quite well. I am very pleased to tell you I arrived home quite safe, and my mother and brothers and sisters were very pleased to see me.

Dear Sir, you must excuse me for not writing to you sooner. But I have been rather unsettled as to finding anything to do. I have been trying to get on the railway, but I am not tall enough, so I am working at a paper shop. I should like to find something better to do, with a little more money, as there are nine of us and I feel as I should like to be helping mother a little more. But there is very little work about here. So I will draw my letter to a close. I am living a Christian life the best I can, and am glad of it all the time.

I remain,
Yours Truly,
JOHN A. GRIFFITH.

LENTEN NOTES.

One hundred and twenty-six sermons were preached in Calvary parish in forty-six days.

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Two hundred children were in line at the festival on Easter afternoon.

✠

One hundred and eighty-five people received the Blessed Sacrament of the Holy Communion on Easter day.

✠

A congregation of nearly five hundred heard the Cantata, "Penitence, Pardon and Peace," on the evening of Palm Sunday.

There was an average attendance of over thirty men at the noonday services in the moving picture tent, and the number at the fortieth service was larger than at the first. We are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Ballou of the Presbyterian church for four splendid addresses, to Mr. Tom Battle of Rocky Mount for one upon a topic of vital importance, and to Mr. Arthur Taylor, of Roanoke Rapids for two thrilling experiences in his own life told in a way to touch every heart.

✠

The offering on Easter morning for foreign missions amounted to $120.00, and the Sunday School offering from the children's mite boxes to $170.00.

✠

During this Lent St. Katharine's Branch and Calvary Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary each organized a Mission Study Class, and met every week to study Japanese Missions. From first to last the attendance at each class was over twenty-five, and the interest never flagged.

JOHNNY GRIFFITHS.

He was fifteen years old, and had run away to sea from his home in Shrewsbury, England, two years before I saw him polishing the brasses on the promenade deck of the White Star liner Arabic. At a service with the sailors and stokers in the forecastle he gave his heart to God, and began to live in Christ's way.

As we sailed away from Alexandria, Egypt, he told me he had written to his mother. When we put into port at Liverpool he came to tell me goodbye, and in reply to my question, said with a happy smile. "I am going back home where I ought to be." None of us suggested that he do so, but the new heart God gave him yearned for his mother. A letter from him may be found on page 11.

PRAYER.

(By Rev. Louis Tucker)

(Concluded.)

It usually takes some weeks to get a first prayer prayed. When we begin to confess our sins to God, we are interrupted or driven from our knees by remembrance of something that ought to have been set right long ago; for confession of sins involves restitution and repairing of damages as far as we are able. But the first prayer clears the way for the second. The hardest sin to confess is that we have held something back in previous confessions.

Forgiveness of enemies is usually called the hardest of Christian duties because it was confused with congeniality. No one ever truthfully accused our Lord of congeniality with the wicked yet he forgave many. Congeniality is one of the last gifts of growth in grace and comes when it comes at all, because of repentence on the part of one's enemy. If you can honestly promise the Father that when the chance of revenge comes (as in the shifts and changes of this mortal life it usually does) that for His, Our Father's sake you will not take it, you have forgiven.

When private prayer is not kept secret the outcome is spiritual pride. Our Lord pledged his word, more dreadful than any threat, that such "have their reward." He broke his own rule freely for public worship, for purposes of instruction and intercession, and in times of agony. If any one, not involved in these exceptions, let it be known that he prays. we have Our Lord,s word that the prayer will not be granted and that the man unless he repent, will become a hypocrite.

Prayer in Christ's name does not mean the mere use of a formula at the end any more than work in your name means the mere statement that you sympathize. The work must be the kind of work of which you can approve, else you must repudiate it. Our prayer must only be for the things which we honestly believe our Lord can endorse.

Prayer for a selfish purpose will not be granted. Selfishness is latent in any human being and may become mixed up with any request made for one's self. Therefore requests for others—intercessory prayer—shows the highest percentage of grantings.

The effect of fasting on prayer is definitely known from observation and Our Lord gave full and independent rules for fasting. From them we deduce that fasting has much the same effect on prayer that forced draught has on a steam engine. We have Our Lord's word for it that certain difficult things along the line of the escape from certain great and gross evils are only granted to those who pray fasting.

There is no mystery about prayer. After all it is but sons and daughters talking to their Father. Most of the children are naughty children, some are dirty children, but all are the Father's children. Go straight up to Him and tell Him honestly what you have done and what you want and why, just as you would like your son to come to you. He knows already just as you, if you are a competent parent, know: but you want your boy or girl to *tell* you, so that you can do something about it and so does He.

GETHSEMANE.

About three quarters of a mile northwest of Jerusalem, across the brook Kidron, at the foot of Mount Olivet, is a space enclosed now by a high stone wall, in which grows an olive tree two thousand years old. Tradition traceable as far back as the fourth century, and its agreement with all the conditions of the Gospel narrative, justify us in feeling absolutely sure when we enter that we are standing on that most sacred spot, hallowed by the prayers and agony of the Blessed Lord, The Garden of Gethsemane.

What high and holy thoughts crowd one's mind—what deep and tender feelings fill one's heart—when he treads that spot, and prays under that ancient tree!

Just to know that one continuous life, even if it is only the life of a tree, stretches back from one to the presence of the Lord as He lived His human life on earth! It helps to fix one's consciousness of the precious truth that the Living Lord, according to His promise, is with us always, even unto the "end of the world!"

PRESIDENT WILSON'S VIEW.

"You cannot create love by entertainment, but you can make love by the perfect exhibition of Christlike qualities, and, with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, by the withdrawal of the veil which for most men hangs before the face of our Lord and Saviour. Our whole object, it seems to me, in church work is simply this: to enable all to see Him, to realize Him, and if we devote ourselves to that purpose with singleness of heart and without thought of ourselves, we shall suddenly find the seats filling, because where there is fire thither men will carry their lamps to be lighted. Where there is power, men will go to partake of it. Every human soul instinctively feels that the only

power he desires, the only power that can relieve him from the tedium of the day's work, the only thing which can put a glow upon the routine of the day's task the only thing that can take him back to the golden age when everything had a touch of magic about it when everything was greater than the fact, when everything had lurking behind it some mysterious power, when there was in everything a vision and a perfect image,—is this thing which he sees enthroned upon the shining countenances of those who really believe in the life and saving grace of their Lord and Master.—*From "The Young People and the Church," by Woodrow Wilson.*

AN INTERESTING STORY BOOK.

Every boy and girl enjoys a good story, or ought to do so. There is a certain Book containing a collection of the very best stories ever written, and they are all true stories. You may judge how interesting they are from their very titles. Here are just a few of them—

1. The Servant who Went out to Find a Wife for his Master's Son. Gen. 24.
2. The Man who Forgot his best Friend. Gen. 40.
3. The Meeting of a Son with his Father who had thought him Dead for Many Years. Gen. 46
4. The Man who was Taken out of Jail to Live in a Palace. Gen. 41.
5. The Mother who was Hired to Nurse her own Baby. Ex. 2.
6. The Bitter Water Sweetened by a Tree. Ex. 15.
7. When God Told His People to get their Sunday Dinner ready on Saturday. Ex. 16.
8. A God Made Out of Earrings. Ex. 32.
9. How Three Hundred Men Armed only with Pitchers Defeated a great Army. Judge 7.
10. Death of the Man Whom God Buried. Deut. 4.
11. The Crowd that Crossed a River without Boat or Bridge, yet did not get wet. Josh. 3.
12. The Farmer's Son Who Was Made King. 1 Sam. 9-10.
14. The Crippled Man who was Given a a Home for his Father's Sake. 2 Sam. 9.
15. The Boy who had a Sunstroke and how he was Cured. 2 Kings 4.
16. The little Slavegirl who told her Master how to Cure His Leprosy. 2 Kings 5.
17. The First Chest of Joash. 2 Kings 12.
18. A Strange Real Estate Deal. Jer. 32.
19. The Man who Tried to Get Away from God by Burning up a part of the Bible. Jer. 36.
20. The Preacher who got Mad because his Sermon Made People Repent. Jonah 3-4.
21. The Man Who Cut off his Enemy's Coattail, yet would not Kill him. 1 Sam, 24.

ABOUND.

1. In Faith. 2 Cor. 8:7.
2. In Hope. Rom. 15:13.
3. In Love. Phil. 1:9.
4. In Good Works. 2 Cor. 9:3.

MINE.

1. My Soul. Isaiah, 38:17.
2. My Saviour. St. Luke, 1: 47.
3. My Salvation. Isaiah, 12:2.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

FROM THE CHURCH OF GOD A SOUL FOR WHOM CHRIST DIED. He answers to a Christian name, and has been marked upon the forehead with the sign of the Cross. When last seen he was wandering in the way of sin and death. Anyone who shall lead him back to his Father's house shall in no case lose his reward.

WANTED.

MEN TO WORK IN THE VINEYARD OF THE LORD. The labor is pleasant, the hours are few and pass as fast as a weaver's shuttle. All who work faithfully until the sun goes down shall receive a crown of life that fadeth not away. Apply at the throne of grace.

WARNING.

ALL MEN ARE WARNED AGAINST A PERSON WHO REPRESENTS HIMSELF AS AN ANGEL OF LIGHT. He has imposed upon many in this community, and is known to be still in the neighborhood. Sometimes he offers for sale cheap pleasures guaranteed to last, but which soon wear out. Some times he appears as agent for new brands of truth, which turn out to be great lies. He has many aliases, but his real name is Satan. It is not safe to have any dealings with him whatever.

STOLEN.

BY CERTAIN PARTIES LAST SUNDAY TWELVE VALUABLE HOURS, the property of Almighty God. It is suspected that they were spent in sloth and selfish indulgence, but if the guilty parties will come repenting and promise not to steal any more, their sin shall be forgiven them.

HEAVENLY RICHES.

1. Riches of Mercy. Eph. 2: 4.
2. Riches of Grace. Eph. 1:7.
3. Riches of Goodness. Rom. 2:4.
4. Riches of Glory. Phil. 4.10.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD WITH THE KID.

(Matthew Arnold)

"He saves the sheep, the goats He doth not save."
So rang Tertullian's sentence on the side
Of that unpitying Phgygian sect which cried.
"Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave,
Who sins, once washed by the baptismal wave."
So spake the fierce Turtullian. But she sighed,
The infant Church! of love she felt the tide.
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.
And then she smiled: and in the Catacombs,
With eye suffused but heart inspired true,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid
Her head mid igonominy, death and tombs——
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew——
And on his shoulders, not a lamb, a kid.

THREE DEATHS.

1. Dead in Sin—The Sinner, Eph. 2:1.
2. Dead for Sin—The Saviour, 1 Cor. 14:3.
3. Dead to Sin—The Saint, Rom. 6:2.

✠

GO!

1. Go and Sell—St. Mark 10: 21.
2. Go and Tell—St. Mark 5:19.
3. Go and Show—St. Luke 17:14.
4. Go and Teach. St. Matt. 28: 19.

✠

GIVING!

Thanksgiving. Heb. 13:15.
Substance-giving. 2 Cor. 9:7.
Self-giving. 2 Cor. 8:5.

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Vol. 2 TARBORO, N. C., APRIL, 1914 No. 7

"Entered as second-class matter October 19th, 1912, at the post office at Tarboro, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879."

THINK ABOUT THIS.

Once the Spirit of the Plague came to a city. The Guardian Spirit of the city plead with him for mercy, and at last he consented to slay only 10,000 people. Then in the great sickness that resulted 50,000 people died. The Guardian Spirit remonstrated, reminding the Spirit of the Plague of his promise. "I kept my promise," he replied, "I slew only 10,000—the other 40,000 died of fright."

✠

Once Satan held a council of war to devise plans to win back a man who had deserted his service for that of God. A little devil volunteered—"I will remind him of the pleasures of sin, and so win him back," he said, but he returned defeated, for the man had learned that the pleasures of r i g h t e o u s n e s s were greater. Another little devil volunteered—"I will call to his attention the hardships of God's service," he said, but he returned defeated, for the man had learned that the hardships of Satan's service were greater. Then Satan himself arose. "I will whisper to his heart the fear that he cannot hold out faithful to God, and had just as well fall now as later," and he came back with the soul of the victim of fear.

SHORT SERMONS.

Fear. "But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid: and beginning to sink, he cried:" St. Matt. 14:30.

Don't be afraid. Fear is the fatal door through which enter sin and Satan and death. St. Peter began to sink in the sea the moment he was afraid, and so will you. You say you are afraid it is going to rain: while your fear won't make it rain, it will make the rain hurt you when it comes. What a confession, for a grown man to admit that he is afraid of anything! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, being afraid of little things like rain or drought or sickness or sin or poverty or death. The Prayer Book teaches us to pray for deliverance from fear of our enemies: we don't need deliverance from our enemies, but we do need deliverance from the fear of them, for that is what destroys our peace and weakens our hearts and lays us helpless at our enemies' feet. Don't be afraid of anything!

MIRACLES.

God works miracles now of the same kind and under the same conditions that He always worked them. Wherever there is faith there is exerted the miracle-working power of God. It requires faith for God to work His miracles, and it requires faith to recognize a miracle when it is worked. Some stood by and saw God's miracles in past times, and still doubted His love and power, and so men do now. It is entirely absurd for a man to say, "Show me a miracle and I will believe," because if he does not believe he cannot see a miracle. That kind of proposition is just like a blind man saying show me a picture and I will see it. If he has no sight, how can you show it to him? Miracles are always perfectly natural occurrences, in the sense that they might possibly have occurred in the ordinary course of nature without any special interposition of God.

Here is a story now, that illustrates what I mean. This particular thing did not really occur, but other things quite as remarkable are always occurring and so I will tell it:

A man was an habitual criminal. He had served several terms for burglary, and his picture was in every rogues' gallery in the country. Then it came to pass that he was converted at a Salvation Army meeting, and set out to make an honest living. His first job was at an aviation meet on Long Island, where he earned a dollar by helping launch the machines all day. Next day he was arrested for a burglary committed many miles away at the very time he was working on Long Island. The police were determined to get somebody, and so they fastened the crime on him, justifying themselves with the thought that if he hadn't done that he had done plenty more things as bad or worse. His case was soon disposed of, and he was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. He prayed with all the faith of his new-born soul that God would right the wrong done him, and the Salvation Army girl by whom he had been led to Christ prayed also. They believed that God would answer and waited in faith for God to do so in His own way and time.

On Christmas some kind people were allowed to give the prisoners an entertainment, and among the features of it was a moving-picture exhibition. Several reels were shown, and then at last the aviation meet on Long Island. Plain to view upon the screen was seen the figure of the convicted man running along beside the machines, and again and again appearing in the crowds that surged on the field. The date and place of the meet were shown on the announcement slide, so the alibi was absolute. "God's answer!" cried the convict in a great burst of joy and gratitude and wonder. The warden took the matter up, the film was introduced in evidence, and the innocent man set free.

That is the way God works His miracles in response to faith and prayer. You see He leaves it open for any man to say, "It would have happened anyhow exactly the same if never a prayer had been prayed." He always leaves it open for that remark, for otherwise He would be *forcing* His truth upon men, which is contrary to His policy. You

are invited to come "take the water of life freely," not under any compulsion whatsoever. If you are not ready to believe you need not, but Ah! what a pitiful state is that poor man's whose heart of blind unbelief shuts out the beautiful sight of God's love and power so plain to the eyes of faith!

"BLIND, YET NOW I SEE."

Service was being held at the County Home. Many people from the neighborhood were there, as well as all the inmates of the Home who could leave their cottages. Sitting among them was a poor old woman, almost helpless, and totally blind for many years.

Guided by the Holy Spirit, I asked her if she was a Christian, and she replied that she was not, never having been baptized, but that she believed in God and wanted to do His whole will, and longed to know the saving grace of Christ. I asked why then had she never been baptized, and she replied that no one had ever said anything to her about it since she put her trust in God. I asked if she was ready to accept Jesus as her Saviour right then, and be baptized into His Everlasting Kingdom, and she said she certainly was. So she received the Holy Sacrament of Baptism then and there, and become a new creature in Christ Jesus and a child of God.

Just think of that! Over eighty years of age, poor, helpless, blind, and friendless! Yet God in His mercy preserved her all these apparently useless years that she might at last become ready to meet Him at His Judgment-seat! Now she is not poor, for she is an inheritor of Heaven's Kingdom; nor blind, for she follows Jesus and has the light of life; nor helpless, for He is her helper and defender; nor friendless, because He promised from henceforth to call her friend.

The very essential truth of the Gospel of Christ is that God cares just as much to have such an one come home, and the angels of God rejoice just as purely, and that she might do so Jesus died just as effectually, and true Christians should be as anxious to lead her to God, as if she was rich and great and beautiful according to this world's estimate. Poor creatures that men are, how hard it is to learn this truth, and how easily is it forgotten!

REST.

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
"Let us," said He, "pour on him all we can:
Let this world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span."

So Strength first made a way;
Then Beauty flowed, then Wisdom, Honour, Pleasure;
When all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all His Treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said He,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be."

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."

—Geo. Herbert.

ciated it and loved it. Its material is white Pentelican marble now turned to mellow ivory tint by time. It is 100 feet broad, 226 feet long, and 65 feet high from the lowest step to the pinnacle of the roof.

It was built for a combination of several different purposes. It was partly a temple, for a glorious gold and ivory statue of Pallas Athene, Goddess of Reason, fifty feet high stood in it. It was the national treasury also, where was kept the country's war-chest of coin and bullion, and from whence the current expenses of the country was disbursed. You must understand that these Athenians, tho' a very wise people, were very old-fashioned, so to speak. They built a church to keep their money in, and they kept their God in the city treasury. We now, have no such alliance between Church and State. We are very careful to keep all public money and most private money, out of the Church, and to leave the administration of public finances strictly to the Devil.

This statue of Pallas was made by Phidias and stood fifty feet high, and perfect. She was of ivory and gold, with blue crystal eyes, and in her outstretched hand stood a little statue of Nice, Victory. Pallas was the goddess of Pure Reason, calm, sure, absolute, untroubled, unafraid, invincible, and of course she bore Victory in her hand. She has disappeared long ago, but fortunately somebody before that happened made a copy of her about four feet high which is in the museum at Athens, and so we know how she looked. She was a pure maiden, Parthenos, and so her temple is called Parthenon, or the Virgin's House.

The natural question is, was Pallas Athene only a gold and ivory statue, or was she sure enough God. I for one think she was God, who had so revealed Himself to those people. The revelation was not full enough, for it only taught wisdom to their minds. So Jesus came and redeemed men's souls from sin, and His great Apostle stood one day at the foot of that beauty-crowned hill, and with his usual gesture pointed to Pallas' glittering temple and told her people, "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands therefore whom you ignorantly worship, Him I declare unto you." (Act. 17.)

Under the shadow of the Parthenon sat a Greek with all sorts of relics. I bought a copper coin of Alexander the Great from him, and a little corroded bronze figure. He spoke very good English, which was due to his having lived six years, in Baltimore, Maryland. I asked him if he was a Christian man, and he said he had been a member of the Orthodox Church all his life. As that was not a perfect proof of his being a Christian, I asked if he said his prayers regularly. His reply was that he used to do so, but got out of the habit when he lived in Baltimore.

"A Christian, in all the miseries and dangers of human life, has great comforts to lay hold on; which are, a good conscience, hope of glory, conformity unto the Divine will, and the imitation and example of Jesus Christ. From these four he shall in life have happiness, in death security, in both comfort, and in eternity a reward."—Jeremy Taylor.

DAMASCUS GATE,
JERUSALEM.

This is a pencil sketch I made of the northern gate in the city wall through which the road from Damascus enters Jerusalem. Since King David took and fortified the city five successive walls have built about it, and four of them leveled to the ground. The present massive and lofty wall is of comparative modern construction, having been built by the Turkish Sultan, Solyman the Magnificent in 1542. Although these various walls embraced different areas, they all seem to have coincided at the Damascus gate. The present gateway shows certain great stones that evidently formed the arch of a much more ancient structure, probably that built by Herod Agrippa shortly after the crucifixion, and excavations twenty feet below the level of the street would doubtless discover the foundations of the gateways of Nehemiah's and King David's walls.

What a wondrous succession of figures may we imagine passing in as we look on that yawning portal! Kings of Israel and Judah, good and bad; Prophets of Jehovah whose words are part of God's Holy Book; Assyrian conquerors in purple and gold; Alexander of Macedon with his phalanxes; Cneius Pompey at the head of Rome's ordered legions; countless pilgrims in a stream three thousand years long pouring in to worship there from over all the earth, like souls passing through the gates of pearl into the City of God above; priests and prophets and pilgrims of Jehovah, Allah and God; conquering Kings and Emperors of Babylon, Greece and Rome; the "crescent leaning o'er its hosts, and the barbaric scimetar;" blue eyed warriors from the frozen North with the cross on their bosoms and ready swords in hands.

But let us picture a group coming from out that ancient gate: of it we may not even think save in utter humility and awe—see it emerge one Spring morning long ago—a Roman centurion with a quarternion of his soldiers, followed by a mob of angry zealots and shrieking women of Jerusalem, and timidly behind them at a distance, a company of weeping Galilean peasants. At the gate a countryman coming into town tries to press by unobserved, but the soldiers seize him and compel him to carry the cross of One being led out to die. This One too is a King, for do you not see His Crown, and the soldiers bear before Him His royal gonfalon on which His titles are

blazoned clear in the language of Israel, Greece and Rome, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

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So this King comes forth to win His Kingdom in the only way that Kingdom can be won, and as He enters upon His own, He turns aside to share it with a thief!

"There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all."

Lord, remember me too, when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom!

LECTURES ON CHURCH HISTORY.

We have been much gratified at the interest shown in the series of illustrated lectures on the History of the Church. The congregation grew larger and larger till there was no room for more. Of course we would have been glad for the whole town to have seen them, so that we would have been obliged to rent the opera house, and very likely many more would have been interested if they had seen one of the exhibitions.

These pictures are exquisite English slides, of the cathedrals, churches, castles, ruined abbeys, Rings, saints, and heroes of England, and naturally should appeal to every English speaking man and woman of ordinary or extraordinary intelligence. Few people are insensate to the history of their forefathers, even if they have no taste for history in general. If they have not found it so, it is because the story of their forefathers has not been properly presented to them. Likewise, few people are without taste for art to some extent. The great trouble I find in interesting people in a small town like Tarboro in such things is not that they are stupid, but that most of them are so convinced that nothing really entertaining can possibly occur in a church that they cannot be induced to come and see. Then too, unhappy religious prejudices operate to some extent in thwarting one's attempts to help the community in general through any particular Church channel.

But anyway, a splendid interest was shown in them, and the offerings taken were sufficient to defray all expenses of the lecture, with a good surplus besides for missions.

There were six lectures, each illustrated by fifty pictures.

I. The Church in British Times.

II. Saxon and Danish Times.

III. From the Norman Conquest to the Reformation.

IV. The Reformation. From Henry VIII to Elizabeth.

V. From James I to Queen Anne.

VI. From the Georgian Era, including the Methodist Movement, to the Present Day.

It is to be hoped that two deep essential truths were impressed upon every one who attended—(a.) That the Church has come in unbroken unity from Apostolic times, and (b.) That the Holy Ghost has manifestly guided her through manifold human errors and preserved her through two thousand years of constant danger which threatened her very existence as the Church of God.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

I carry a small policy in the Security Mutual Life Insurance Co., in the Total Abstinence Class, which possesses certain advantages over policies held by non-abstainers. A folder recently sent me by the company shows some interesting facts—

Entering at the age of 20, total abstainers from alcoholic drinks reach an average age of 64: moderate drinkers 51.

Entering at the age of 30, out of every 100,000, 55,000 total abstainers reach the age of 70: non-abstainers 44,000.

Among total abstainers, only 3 per cent of any given number of sick die of that particular attack of sickness, while 6.55 percent of non-abstainers die.

So this insurance company puts those among its policy holders who are total abstainers in a separate class and remits a special portion of their premiums—grants them additional dividends—because they a r e safer risks as they live longer and are a source of special revenue to the company. That is the view a great business corporation takes of total abstinence as a matter of cold deduction from accurate statistics.

Now, it happens that a McClure's magazine before me, has a similar judgment from quite another sort of business man, but in his way, a most successful one. I will just give some clippings from an interview with Mr. Cornelius McGillicuddy, usually called Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, five times champions of their league and three times champion baseball players of the world.

"Who puts the ball-player out of the game? You would naturally say 'the umpire,' wouldn't you? Well all the umpires together haven't put as many ball-players out of the game as has Old Man Booze!"

Again Connie Mack shook his head and uttered a warning:

"Now, don't get off on the wrong foot. Boozing is *not* common among the high-grade ball-players. It was common twenty years ago; but today it is rare in the majors—boozing. Keep in mind, though, that s t e a d y—'moderate'—drinking g e t s a ball-player in the end just as sure as boozing. Alcohol slows a man down inevitably, and s l o w i n g down is the reason for the shelving of by far the majority of players. If you estimate a clever player's years in baseball at fifteen, why, 'moderate' drinking will cut off from three to five years—a third of his life on the diamond.

* * *

"How do you get hold of a player who is inclined to be wild? How do you appeal to him?"

"I make my appeal from four different sides," s a i d Mack. "First, from the standpoint of the public—the people who pay their twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five cents or a dollar to see good baseball. They are entitled to see the player at his best—not slowed up by drink. Second, from the standpoint of the club—the player gets a good salary for which he owes his best services. I say that the man who doesn't do his best is dishonest with the club. The third appeal is from the standpoint of a man's fellow players—it isn't fair to the other members of the team to have one important part of the baseball machine going bad, as

we say. Fourth, I put it straight to the man himself: tell him that he isn't honest with himself—that he isn't giving himself a fair chance. I find that in one of these four ways I can get to a man.

* * *

"How does it happen," I asked, that you have so many men who, as Thomas said, have 'never known the taste of liquor'? Does it mean the survival of the fittest, or does it mean that you prefer the abstemious player?"

"Both," replied Mack. "Five years ago I would take a man who drank, provided I thought I could handle him—and gradually break him of the habit. Now I wouldn't bother with a youngster who drinks. That's my fixed policy—I have changed."

"On account of age?"

"No—wisdom! I've proved up, to my own satisfaction, this business of clean living and quick thinking. It's the stuff champions are made of."

God told people all this 2000 years ago, but they would not believe Him, and so have had to find it out for themselves by painful experience. What the Mutual Security Insurance Co. says, and what Mr. Connie Mack says, is merely their way of saying what the Apostle of God said in his way long ago—"Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, shall inherit the Kingdom of God." 1 Cor. 6: 9, 10.

THE TRUTH (?)

Yes; we get nine eggs a day.

I nearly died a laughing.

You are the only girl I ever loved.

Yes, I smoke once and awhile but I can quit whenever I get ready.

Oh, no, mother, my feet are not wet.

He is the living image of his father.

I don't care whether I kill many or not—I just want to spend a day in the woods.

I'm *so* glad you called.

I dont'care how I look, just so I'm comfortable.

No, m'am, he is not annoying me at all—I'm *so* fond of children.

I feel as young as I ever did.

Thank you, m'am, I never slept better in my life.

I'M SO SORRY I COULDN'T GET OUT TO CHURCH SUNDAY, BUT—

JOSES, BROTHER OF JESUS.

Joses, the brother of Jesus, plodded
from day to day.
With never a vision within him to
glorify his clay;
Joses, the brother of Jesus, was one
with the heavy clod,
But Christ was the soul of rapture, and
soared, like a lark, with God;
Joses, the brother of Jesus, was only
a worker in wood,
And he never could see the glory that
Jesus, his brother, could,
"Why stays he not in the workshop?"
he often used to complain;
"Sawing the Lebanon cedar, imparting to woods their stain?
Why must he go thus roaming, forsaking my father's trade,
While hammers are busily sounding
and there is A GAIN TO BE MADE?"
Thus ran the mind of Joses, apt with
plummet and rule,
And deeming whoever surpassed him
either a knave or a fool,
For he never walked with the prophets
in God's great garden of bliss;
And of all the mistakes of the ages,
the saddest, methinks, was this:
To have such a brother as Jesus, to
speak with him day by day,
But never to catch the vision which
glorified his clay."

ABRAHAM HARB'S SON IN CENTER.

LETTERS.

New York, N. Y.

Rev. B. E. Brown,

Tarboro, N. C.

Dear Brother:

Your welcome letter received, and I ask pardon for not replying sooner, but I have been very busy, and have not had a chance hardly to think.

I was delighted to note that you are getting your health back, and I have been praying for you.

In regard to my story, I have never written it before for family reasons, tho' many have wanted me. I am always willing to tell it to men that through it they might see the power of Jesus to save and keep unto the uttermost those who will believe

Born of good people in 1855, I lived a straight life until I was about 22 years of age As I have naturally a strong will and purpose, when I went wrong I went the limit. I was first sent to prison 1879, and altogether in my life I have been in prison in five States of the Union, and in France and Belgium. I have spent 25 years of my life inside prison walls. I left prison the last time in February, 1905, past 50 years of age, health all gone, my skull fractured and my head in bandages, turned out to face the world without hope.

One night the 8th of Sept. 1906, I went for the first time in my life into a mission and found Jesus. I had counted myself a keen-witted, shrewd man, yet neither my wit nor my money of which I generally had plenty could keep me out of prison, nor yet my friends and pals.

But since that night I have found with St. Paul that Jesus is the power of God unto Salvation. Since I found Him, my father, mother, sisters and my children have all been restored to me. In 1911 two indictments which hung over me in Canada since 1895 were dismissed. My civil rights were restored to me in 1909, and today I stand square

with the world with nothing outstanding against me.

Since the night God saved me I have been telling the story of His love to the men who go wrong, that they may know there is always another chance. I have left all to follow Him who was my friend when no one else was my friend. God has filled my soul with peace and joy, and I have found what I sought for in vain through all the world.

If I had been told that there was any joy or peace or goodness in the world I would not have believed it, but today I know that it is God's world, and that His joy is for all men who will receive it. Tell your young men to go straight to meet all things like men and not to dodge or run away, but armed by faith in Jesus to face temptations and overcome them. God bless your work. Pray for me and ask your people to pray for me. You may use this but do not use my name. I do hope to meet you again, if not in this world, in the next with Our Blessed Lord, for by His mercy and grace I hope to be there.

Yours Most Sincerely,

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Burkien, near Jenien,
Syria, Palestine,
March, 21, 1914.

Re7 Sir and Brother in Christ:

I never take my pen to write to you unless I lift up my heart in prayer to our dear Lord God, the creator and preserver of all things who by His providence brought it about that you should be the means of doing the high service to Him by kindness to a boy who may in future be the means of bringing many to the fold of Christ.

Harb is now in Jenien learning a trade. He goes in the morning and comes in the evening from Jenien, so he has to walk six miles every day. Moses, his brother, took his place in the school.

I thank you for the magazine called The Christian Worker, and for the other papers you have sent me. I got an Arabic paper with the papers you have sent me. I was surprised to see papers in Arabic from America. I shall be very glad to have the Christian Worker all the time, because the ladies and I read them with thanks to you.

My daughter is going to send your lady a piece of needlework. Does she like to have such work or not.

I end with many salaams to you and your home circle in which my wife and children and the ladies join with me.

I remain yours in Christ,

ABRAHAM HARB.

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New York, City,
Good Friday, 1914.

Dear Brown:

I wish you a happy Easter. I leave New York on April 26th to go home by way of Suez Canal, taking boat from Marseilles, May 16 and reaching Tokio, June 26th.

Let me thank you again most heartily for the pleasant Christmas vacation at Tarboro. Thank you also for the Christian Worker.

Wishing you God's blessing in your ministry, and with kindest regards for you and yours.

Most Sincerely,

J. HIKOGORO KOBAYASHI.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

"As strangers and pilgrims."—St. Peter 2:11.

When I was in the Holy Land every road leading to Jerusalem was thronged with pilgrims on their way to the Holy City. From all the earth they came, Russians and Greeks and Syrians, Georgians, Servians, Austrians, Italians, Copts, Abyssinians, Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, Americans—all in their own country's dress, speaking each his own native language, yet all traveling the same roads to the same place. They were pilgrims going down to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, just as other pilgrims before ever that Sepulchre was occupied, went down the same roads to the Temple of Jehovah.

Pilgrims must Christians be, passing through this world to the City of God above.

1. The pilgrims did not turn aside to engage in the labors or don the dress or learn the language or eat the food or adopt the customs of the Arab and Syrian natives of that country. So no true Christian turns aside to conform to the standards of the world. The false and idle ways of the world's citizens are not for him. The world may practice its wicked business principle, its evil ideas of honor and right, its selfish or vain social custom, may believe its foolish explanations of God and His ways according to science falsely so-called, but the Christian takes no part in them. He is passing through a stranger, not settling down a resident.

2. The only happy people in the land were the pilgrims. The citizens were overworked and underfed, overtaxed and underprotected subjects of a heathen King, with sad and sullen faces. But the pilgrims were radiant travelers, enjoying every sacred scene where God had worked some miracle, treading with blissful awe some spot where the Saviour had trod before and looking ever onward to see the shining domes of the Holy City. So the true Christian passes through this world radiant, free, and joyful. He sees on every hand some sign of his Heavenly Father's love, some footprints made by Jesus passing by, some new reason, always for praising his Saviour's wonderful love and power, while ever towards him down the road streams the light from the country to which his face is set.

TIME.

YESTERDAY—
He pardoned my sins.

TODAY—
He walks by my side.

TOMORROW—
He will not forget me.

Fear not! Be strong.
Men may misjudge thy aim,
Think they have cause to blame;
Say thou art wrong.
Hold on thy quiet way—
Christ is the Judge, not they;
Fear not! Be strong.

Let all the good thou doest to man
A gift be, not a debt;
And he will more remember thee
The more thou dost forget.

QUESTION BOX.

Q. What is meant in the 29th verse of 15th Chap. of I Corinthians, "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead?"—does not this teach prayers for the dead?

A. No, this does not teach prayers for the dead. There is a great deal of difference of opinion among commentators as to what it means. Some modern ones suppose that it has reference to a local custom of baptizing a person over again as proxy for someone who had died unbaptized, but St. Paul would certainly have rebuked them for that. Chrysostom and other very ancient scholars do not seem to have been puzzled by it at all, but naturally assumed that it meant simply that as a Christian was baptized believing that he was going to rise from the dead, he would therefore be most miserable if told there was no resurrection.

But while we are on the subject, I may as well say that prayers for the dead are nowhere forbidden in the Scriptures, but are quite consistent with Gospel truth. The redeemed are not yet in the highest Heaven, but are in Paradise waiting the Second Coming of the Lord: the wicked are not yet judged and condemned: why should we not pray that God will heighten the bliss of the one, and lessen the pain of the other? Our Church commands a prayer to be prayed at funerals for the souls of Christians who have passed beyond—"And we beseech thee, that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory." What the Church commands for public use cannot be wrong in private use. If you want to pray for the dead, do so. Pray for everyone living or dead. You cannot possibly pray too much or for too many!

Q. What is meant by the article in the Creed "I believe the Resurrection of the Body?"

A. This means that according to the Scripture the dead shall rise at the last day with a spiritual body bearing the same relation to their body that was buried as the Lord's risen body bore to His crucified and buried body. You will find warrant for this in the 15th Chapter of I Cor. If the matter is not explained in Scripture with sufficient plainness to satisfy you, why, just be patient and you will learn more about it by experience soon enough! The real important problem with us now should be to attain unto the resurrection of the just, not to solve the mystery of it.

MACCLESFIELD.

No work in our parish promises more blessed results than the mission near Macclesfield, just in its infancy. The community in which it is situated is around Old Mill school house, four miles from Macclesfield. As Macclesfield itself is sixteen miles from Tarboro proper attention to the work is beset with hindrances,

but with God's help much greater obstacles than these may easily be overcome. Newet Webb goes down there every Saturday night, and on Sunday gathers a congregation in the School House to sing hymns and pray and study God's Holy Word, as best they can. The Rector has been able to go down once, and Archdeacon Hughes, Miss Kate Cheshire and Mr. Nash have gone once each. It is arranged to have a stereopticon exhibition there the first week in May, which will afford an opportunity of teaching in a most vivid way many blessed truths. It was good to see those two car loads of people coming up to Easter service from Macclesfield, and better still to see two of them receive Holy Baptism, and three partake for the first time of the Holy Communion.

REPORT

of Calvary Branch of Woman's Auxiliary, from April 1913 to April 1914.

Contributed for Diocesan Missions $68.75.

Domestic Missions	$ 21.00
Foreign Missions	38.30
Central Fund	4.95
United Offering	15.75
Clergy Retiring Fund	12,00
Thompson Orphanage	20.00
Total	$ 180.75

REPORT

of St. Katherine's Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary from April 1913 to April 1914.

Diocesan Missions	$ 57.00
Domestic	26.00
Foreign	16.00
Apportionments	5.00
Church Periodical Club	3.00
Clergy Retiring Fund	10.00
Boxes	14.00
Parish Missions	15.00
Total	$ 146.00

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

We would like everybody to know what the children of Calvary Sunday School are giving to help others. During the past year they—

Gave $130.00 for Foreign Missions:

Paid their installments of $1.00 a week on four shares of building and loan stock.

Sent $4.00 a month to Thompson Orphanage:

Paid for two pews each at St. Andrew's and Tarboro Mill Missions:

Gave 100 Mission Hymnals to Tarboro Mill Mission, 100 to Macclesfield, and 50 to St. Matthew's Mission.

MISSION AT WELDON.

From Sunday to Thursday, April 19 to 24, I preached a Mission at Weldon, and God signally blessed the effort in His cause. A number were moved by the Holy Spirit to express their desire to live more for God's glory and the good of His Church, many asked prayers for themselves and for others, and good congregations were present at every evening service.

Since my visit to Weldon, two years and a half ago that good Christian gentleman and gallant Southern soldier, Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn, has died, and I missed him much.

It was good to see often during the Mission the familiar faces of C. C. Wallace and Willis Whitaker. The latter came over from Roanoke Rapids with Mr. A. W. Taylor, the lay missionary at that place.

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TWO YEARS OLD

FIRST DAY OF MAY

DURING THIS TIME IT HAS BEEN A GREAT PLEASURE TO SERVE YOU, AND THIS FIRM HIGHLY APPRECIATES THE PATRONAGE YOU HAVE GIVEN US. WE HOPE TO BETTER SERVE YOU IN THE FUTURE THAN WE HAVE IN THE PAST, AND TRUST THAT YOU WILL CONTINUE TO FAVOR US WITH A CONTINUANCE OF YOUR MOST VALUED ORDERS.

O. O. BOYKIN

267

Col. J. L. Bridgers
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The Christian Worker

ORGAN OF CALVARY PARISH, TARBORO, N. C.

ISSUED MONTHLY. DECEMBER, 1914 PRICE, 50 cents a year

REV. BERTRAM E. BROWN, Editor.

Calvary Church Kalendar for December

6. SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT
   Holy Comumnion 11:00 A. M.
   Service at County Home 3:00 P. M.
   Evening Prayer 7:30 P. M.

13. THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT
   Holy Communion 7:30 A. M.
   Morning Prayer 11:00 A. M.
   Service at Tarboro Cotton Mills 3:00 P. M.
   Evening Prayer 7:30 P. M.

20. FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT
   Holy Communion 7:30 A. M.
   Morning Prayer 11:30 A. M.
   Service and Sermon, St. Matthew's 3:00 P. M.
   Service and Sermon, Grace Church 4:00 P. M.
   Evening Prayer 7:30 P. M.

21. ST. THOMAS' DAY
   Ante-Communion in the Chapel 10:00 A. M.

25. CHRISTMAS DAY
   Holy Communion 11:00 A. M.

26. ST. STEPHEN'S DAY
   Ante-Communion in Chapel 10:00 A. M.

27. ST. JOHN EVANGELISTS' DAY
   Holy Communion 7:30 A. M.
   Morning Prayer 11:00 A. M.
   Service and Sermon, St. Mary's, 3:30 P. M.
   Evening Prayer 7:30 P. M.

28. HOLY INNOCENTS' DAY
   Ante-Communion in Chapel 10:00 A. M.

On all MONDAYS, Service in Keechtown, and Woman's Bible Class in Chapel; TUESDAYS, Service at Tarboro Mills; WEDNESDAYS, Litany in Chapel, B. S. A. meeting at Rectory; THURSDAYS, Service at Fountain Mills; FRIDAYS, Evening Prayer in Chapel; SUNDAYS, Men's Bible Class, Sunday Schools in Calvary Church, Tarboro Mills Chapel, St. Matthew's, St. Mary's, Grace Church, St. Andrew's and Macclesfield.

C. F. Clayton's Job Print, Tarboro, N. C.

Christmas Present

Buyers

Attention

We have one of the best selected stocks ever shown in Eastern Carolina, every article of which was purchased at a close figure. NUT PICKS with CRACK, value 35c., for 10c. each. STERLING SILVER THIMBLES only 10c. each. LEATHER NOVELTIES, worth up to 25c., 10c. each. VANITY MIRRORS only 10c. each.

War Time Prices Prevail in Our Establishment

Jas. H. Bell's Sons

TARBORO, N. C.

The Christian Worker

"As Workers Together With Him"

Vol. 3 TARBORO, N. C., DECEMBER, 1914 No. 3

"Entered as second-class matter October 19th, 1912, at the post office at Tarboro, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879."

THINK ABOUT THIS.

Why did God make me! Now if you say that it is because you are mistaken about the time of your creation. God didn't *make* you at all. You are not made yet by any means. God is still *making* you, and He will keep on making you as long as you live. Every disappointment you suffer, every burden you have to bear, every duty you are obliged to do, every temptation and every doubt you meet and overcome, which seem so useless, maybe, to you, are just the hammer strokes of God working on your uncompleted soul.

God keeps a school here on earth, and one of his teachers is Disappointment. He is a rough teacher, whose lessons are hard to learn, and they are stamped with the seal of the cross. And another teacher is Success. He is a lovable teacher, whose lessons are pleasant to learn, and they are stamped with the seal of the crown.

But the lessons of both may easily be misunderstood. Disappointment teaches patience, endurance, and perseverance. Success teaches modesty, gratitude, generosity. Blessed are we when we learn their lessons aright!

SHORT SERMONS.

STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

"*And putteth the stumbling-block of iniquity before his face.*" *Ez. 14:7.*

Many a man falls over one or the other of two stumbling-blocks in coming to Christ. The first is the stumbling-block of his own sins: "I am not good enough to be a Christian." And the other is the stumbling-block of other men's sins: "There so many inconsistent Christians in the Church I am going to stay out." God will remove the first from his path if he asks Him; and the second does not lie in his path at all—he goes out of his way to find it.

THANKSGIVING IN CALVARY PARISH.

There was a large congregation in Calvary Church Thanksgiving morning. As a parish we have much to be thankful for. Within the year past fifty-seven have been baptized and forty-six confirmed; one new mission has been established, and all the old ones have been blessed by the salvation of souls through them; the great new organ has been placed in the Church; the number at Easter Communion and at All Saints Day Communion was larger than ever before; the men's Bible class has maintained its interest, and a women's Bible class has been founded and is succeeding; the Sunday School has grown so large that it was necessary to move it from the Chapel to the Church, and it has been reorganized and put upon the graded school basis. God has vouchsafed us many proofs of His love and favor.

The offering of fruits of the earth heaped tastefully in the chancel were abundant, and were a substantial help to the poor among whom they were afterwards distributed. The offering for Thompson Orphanage amounted to $63.00.

At St. Andrew's Chapel, Fountain Mills, in the evening, a good congregation met to offer their thanks, and about twenty-five men and women openly signified their gratitude for mercies God had vouchsafed them as individuals during the year past, and expressed a resolution to show their thankfulness not only with their lips but in their lives. The Rev. Arthur W. Taylor was present at this service, and told us of the wonderful blessings God had showered upon him and upon his work for God. Rev. and Mrs. Taylor are staying this week at the rectory, having stopped over on their way from Roanoke Rapids to Mayodan where they will henceforth live. Thirty-seven people were presented for confirmation by Mr. Taylor at Roanoke Rapids, and ninety were baptized. Mr. Taylor was likewise present at the meeting of our chapter of the Brotherhood of which he is a member Wednesday night, November 25, and made his personal report of work done. We pray that God will bless them both in their service for Him in their new field!

The people at Macclesfied Mission urgently requested Newet Webb to come down and lead them in worship Thanksgiving night and he was happy in being able to do so.

ROANOKE RAPIDS.

I preached twice at Rosemary in the Baptist Church, and twice at Roanoke Rapids in our Chapel during the week ending Nov. 21. Rev. and Mrs. Taylor will go to Mayodan Dec. 1, and many sick and suffering people, and many good Christians who love the Church, will miss them much. Mrs. Brown and I stayed part of the time with Mr. and Mrs. Lehman, members of the Moravian Church, whose acquaintance it was a pleasure to make, and part of the time at the hospitable home of Dr. Long. Mr. Lehman is more familiar with kodaks than any amateur I know, and I learned much on that subject from him. Having just

bought the finest sort of focal plane shutter Ic Zeiss Tessar lens camera with money made with the stereopticon and saved for that purpose, I am glad to get all the information I can in these matters. It is always a joy to my soul to see Willis Whittaker, who was once so far from Christ, and is now so near. Whenever I look on his face in church I recall the first time I saw him nearly five years ago sitting on the rear-most pew at Tarboro Mills Chapel, a scornful looker-on, and I am grateful to God for the change He has wrought in that life!

I met a preacher of the Pentecostal Band whom I heard once preaching on the streets in Tarboro a sermon that seemed to me to be a very fine one, and so I invited him out to service. He came and said Amen with such heartiness that I felt powerfully encouraged. I recall one saying in his street sermon which I will quote just at a venture:

"Whenever I see a preacher," he said, "with a red-hot cigar in his mouth, I know that his heart is cold."

When I heard him say that I was conscious of quite a glow of satisfaction that I had quit smoking a year before. It is certainly an unclean, expensive, injurious, offensive habit, and in a minister of the Gospel especially most unseemly. I realized that it was so before I quit, but never had the courage to admit it till afterwards, which is an added proof that it is bad.

"THE SERPENT BEGUILED ME."

Sin is essentially unimaginative and commonplace. The excuses the sinner offers for his sin follow the same old weary course of the past six thousand years—a brand new excuse sin is not able to invent. During the fair a poor victim of the cocaine habit came into the drug-store and asked Mr. Bryan to fill a prescription for him which contained that deadly drug. His pitiful plea and excuse was that he was the man who had charge of the tame snakes, and it was his duty from time to time to dull the vindictiveness of the snakes to keep them from biting the ladies. They were coming from under the influence of the last dose, and if something was not done very quickly there was no telling what the consequence would be.

The originality of that excuse is more apparent than real, for after all it was merely a variation of the one offered for the very first sin ever committed in the world. Indeed, there is nothing productive, new, interesting, constructive, about sin: It is always imitative, sordid, tiresome, dull and stupid.

HEALTH WEEK.

The State Board of Health requested all Churches to devote the week ending Sunday, November 29th, in some way to the cause of public health, especially as regards the prevention and cure of tuberculosis. We were very glad to be able to present on Friday night a series of fine colored lantern pictures in the Chapel illustrating this subject as explained in a lecture by Dr. J. J. Phillips.

The Christian Worker

Organ of Calvary Parish, Tarboro, N. C.

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J. W. Forbes, Business Manager
C. F. Clayton, Advertising Manager

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Tarboro, N. C., December, 1914

NEUTRALITY.

The President suggested that we all be neutral in our sentiments as regards the war, and his advice is certainly good so far as Tarboro is concerned at least, for not one of us has natural sense enough or knows enough about European affairs to decide who is right and who is wrong with any fair hope of being just in our decision.

Unfortunately however lack of knowledge on a subject never has prevented and never will prevent men from forming opinions about it. Nearly everybody in Tarboro is quite sure Emperor William is to blame for the war, and that the welfare of mankind demands the defeat of Germany. Some few on the other hand think England's jealousy of German encroachment on her monopoly of trade lies at the bottom of the whole matter, and that German defeat will be a calamity for the world.

The former say the Emperor is a crazy man, mad with lust of power, who haviug perfected a mighty military despotism, now seeks to subject the world to his rule. The invasion of Belgium was a hideous crime. The Servian matter was a shallow pretext. The triumph of Germany will plunge Europe into medieval darkness.

The latter say the Emperor is a kindly, peace-loving man, who while all other great nations, the U. S. included, were engaged in crushing weaker peoples, kept his country busy attending to its own affairs and fostered manufacture, invention and trade till Germany stood foremost among the nations in the arts of peace. The underlying cause of the war, they say, is England's desperation at seeing her trade passing from her. She set the wheels in motion to crush Germany, for neither Russia nor France would have dared to enter without encouragement from England, and assurance of her help. England is trying to put Germany down as she put down Napoleon's Empire, by the weapons of other nations whom she bribes and urges on. Just as she used the Indians in 1776 and 1812 to scalp Americans, so now she is using Japanees and Sikhs and Goorkhas and every other sort of red and yellow and black man to kill white men whom she dares not face herself. The defeat of Germany will leave England supreme once more on the sea, to make poor and costly things for all the earth again, while on land Russia, ignorant, fanatical, huge, black, cruel, blind, will loom the sole and awful power.

Nobody knows which is right, and very likely both are wrong. I entirely refuse to allow myself to agree with either side. I am sure of only this, that sin is the cause of it, just as it is the cause of the less spectacular evils that are rampant in times of peace. Whose sin it is I do not know. As I am a sinner, perhaps in some mysterious way, my sin even had something to do with it. So I hold myself neutral, and pray God to forgive the sins of all men,

and trust that He in His wisdom and mercy will place the blame where it belongs, and forgive it.

Prayers for peace from hearts quite sure how peace should come are not regarded by God.

ABBAS II.
KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

I was sitting one day on the piazza of the Continental Hotel in Cairo when a cordon of policemen cleared the street for this young man to come riding by. The people salaamed as he passed, and he lifted his fez and smiled to right and left, and it looked as if he and the people were quite pleased with each other. I liked his looks so much that I called a passing post-card vender and bought the picture which you see here. Now he is a fugitive with the Turkish army trying to invade Egypt in hopes that he will get back the throne the English took away from him. Just think, now! The Germans came and ran King Albert of Belgium out of his country, and the English are trying to put him back. Then the English ran Abbas II out of his country, and the Germans are trying to put him back. If both English and Germans would go on back to their own country where they belong, what a lot of trouble it would save!

LETTERS.

Girard, Ala., Nov. 15, '14.
Mr. B. E. Brown,
Tarboro, N. C.

Dear Sir:

In order to introduce our goods more thoroughly and get new customers we have conceived the idea of making you a special offer on one gallon of our finest whiskey, made from the most select grain and careful distillation.

We make this offer in this way in order not only to have you try our goods and give them a test, but to get the names of ten people who occasionally order a little good whiskey.

Here is our offer: Send us $2.25 with ten good names and we will send you one gallon of our Extra Straight Corn Whiskey absolutely 100 proof, just as it comes from the distillery, express paid.

Very truly yours,
H. L. SPRINKLE.

To this letter I replied as follows:

Tarboro, N. C., Nov. 24, '14.
Mr. H. L. Sprinkle,
Girard, Ala.
Dear Sir :

Your letter of Nov. 15 received, in which you propose to send me a gallon of whiskey for $2.50 and the names of ten men who have acquired the drink habit or who might be induced to acquire it.

If I thought you knew me your letter would seem to me the most monumental piece of impertinence I ever heard of; but as in all likelihood you have no knowledge of me beyond my name, I acquit you of any intention to affront me.

In reply I will try to do you a good turn by urging you lovingly and solemnly to abandon your awful trade and make your living in some decent and useful way. One man in every seven dies an untimely death as the direct result of drinking the things you and your like sell; ninty-five in every one hundred men in the penitentiary were sent there for crimes due to drink; one fourth of all the money given in charity goes to relieve poverty caused by drink; and these cold statistics fail to convey and idea of the vast harvest of shame and pain and loss, the suicide and murder, the broken lives and ruined homes, the tears of women and children, that comes from the Devil's brew you sell. You do not enjoy the money that comes to you stained with blood and wet with tears, do you ? Dear brother, seek another calling !

The Holy Bible, God's Word, forbids your trade, and sets a curse upon it : "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken : the cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned unto thee, and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory." Hab. 2:15, 16. Because of your trade you cannot become a member of any Christian Church, or be initiated into any reputable secret order; your wife is excluded because of it from the society of good women, and your children are pointed out at school as the bar-keeper's brood. Is the money you make worth this brand of shame your trade stamps upon your brow and the brows of those innocent ones you love ?

When I left the State of Alabama five years ago, where I had spent thirty-eight years of my life, it had freed itself of its hideous partnership in the liquor traffic, I hoped forever. Since then, through the blunders of some good me and the subtlety of some bad ones, Alabama alone among her Southern sisters who have abandoned it, has returned to it like "a dog to his vomit and a hog to her wallowing in the mire." The dissolute gang whom your interests put in authority have plundered her treasury and blackened her fair fame with the infamy of their misdeeds, till now I am ashamed to tell that Alabama was my home. Sometimes when a man's soul is dead to all other appeals, the call of his country will rouse him: dear brother, for the honor of Alabama which you and your kind have bespattered with mud, come out from among her enemies !

For obvious reasons I cannot send you the names of men to whose depraved appetites you may pander or whose sobriety you may corrupt; but instead I send you ten copies of a little poem called "The Bar," written

by a convict who knew of what he wrote, with the request that you send one to each of the ten men whom you think need most to heed those lines.

Wishing you great success in whatever honest calling you may hereafter follow, I am

Truly your friend,

BERTRAM E. BROWN,

Rector of Calvary Church.

THE BAR.

[Written by a convict in Joliet (Ill.) Prison]

The saloon is sometimes called A BAR—that's true:

A BAR to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it, named it well;
A BAR to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health;
A BAR to honor, pride and fame,
A door to grief and sin and shame;
A BAR to hope, a BAR to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair;
A BAR to honored, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A BAR to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave;
A BAR to joys that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts;
A BAR to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it, named it well.

SIR OLIVER LODGE.

A Christian man needs no assurance from science that his soul is immortal for his Lord's promises suffice. But as an evidence of how far science, which a few years ago was so scornfully materialistic, has come around towards Christian truth, we quote from a recent address of Sir Oliver Lodge, the famous English scientist:

London, Nov. 23.—Sir Oliver Lodge, president of the Society, for Psychical Research, in a lecture Sunday in Browning Hall, Walworth, made a striking declaration of his spiritual faith, expressing his absolute conviction in the future existence, and stating that he had conversed with friends who had passed away.

"I say this," said Sir Oliver, "on definite scientific grounds. I say it because I know that certain friends of mine still exist, because I have talked to them. Communication is possible, but one must obey the laws to find out the conditions. I do not say it is easy, but I say it is possible.

SAYS DEAD HELP LIVING.

"I tell you that these people still take an interest in the things that are going on; that they still help us to know more about things than we do, and that they are able from time to time to communicate with us."

Sir Oliver said that once people realized that consciousness was something outside the mechanism it made use of; they realized that the survival of existence was the simplest thing. It was unreasonable that the soul should pass out of existence when the body was destroyed; people were not limited to the few years they live on earth, and they certainly continued to exist.

At the devil' mart all things are sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold,
For a cap and bells our lives we pay.
Bubbles we earn with our whole soul's tasking,
'Tis ONLY GOD THAT IS GIVEN AWAY,
'Tis ONLY HEAVEN MAY BE HAD FOR THE ASKING.

DIARY FROM SUNDAY, NOV. 22nd TO SUNDAY, NOV. 29th.

SUNDAY.

7:30. Holy Communion.

9:45. Men's Bible Class. Thirty-one present. Ecclesiastes IX.

11:00. Morning Prayer. Large congregation. "The Loaves and Fishes."

12:30. Prayers with sick lady.

1:00. Prayers with sick man.

2.30. To Macclesfield on E. Carolina Railway motor-street-car. Arnold who used to live here and attend Church was on car and I had a talk with him, and also with William Strickland and George Beach. Distributed "Believer and Unbeliever" cards.

3:15. Rode from Macclesfield to Old Mill Schoolhouse in buggy, and preached to about two hundred on the "Works of the Flesh."

4:30. Started back to Tarboro twenty miles away in buggy. Very cold weather.

7:00. Reached Tarboro.

7:30. Read Evening Prayer. The Rev. Walter J. Smith made talk on Thompson Orphanage.

9:30. Ate Supper. Wrote letters.

12:00. To bed.

MONDAY.

8:00. Wrote letters.

11:00. Wrote article for Christian Worker.

12:00. Read newspapers down town.

2:00. Prepared lesson for Woman's Bible Class.

4:30. Woman's Bible Class. Twenty-nine present. "St. Paul at Ephesus."

6:00. Developed kodak pictures.

7:45. Preached at Keechtown. "Thanksgiving."

9:00. Wrote article for Christian Worker.

12:00 To bed

TUESDAY.

9:00. Wrote article for Christian Worker.

2:00. Took pictures in Churchyard from which to have post-cards made.

3:00. Wrote letter to Everybody's Magazine on "What is a Christian?" in hopes that I would get $100.00 because it is considered one of the five best answers to that question, but those hopes are feeble ones.

6:00. Read James "Varieties of Religions Experience."

7:30. Went to meeting of "Thirteen Club," at the residence of Mr. Clarence Johnson. Noticed that the neat colored place-cards were made in Germany. Mr. Stamps Howard read a paper written to prove that an academic university education was a very great benefit. I advanced the theory, based as I thought upon both experience and observation, that on the contrary it came pretty near to ruining ninety-nine out of a hundred men who received it. Dr. Baker partly agreed with me, but everybody else refused to take my idea seriously.

12:00. To bed.

WEDNESDAY.

10:00. Litany and Sermon.

11:00. Wrote letter to H. L. Sprinkle, of Girard, Ala. who sent me a whiskey advertisement.

2:00. Developed pictures to make post cards of.

7:30. Meeting of Brotherhood Twelve present, a good meeting.

12:00. To bed.

THURSDAY.

11:00. Thanksgiving Service. Large congregation.

12:30. Called at hospital and had prayers in three sickrooms.
2:00. Developed pictures.
4:00. Made two calls with Rev. A. W. Taylor.
6:00. Wrote letters.
7:30. Service at Fountain Mills. Very good congregation. The Rev. Mr. Taylor preached, and I preached. A good number signified their determination to prove their thankfulness to God by serving him more faithfully.
12.00. To bed.

FRIDAY.

9:00. Wrote articles for Christian Worker.
12:00. Called on sick man and had prayers.
2.00. Made up list of slides to order from Underwood & Underwood.
3:00. Got Ed Bynum Gaskill to make connection with switch for stereopticon.
5:00. Prepared notice slides for Dr. Philips' lecture.
7:30. Heard Dr. Philips lecture in Chapel on Tuberculosis and explain slides on that subject.
9:30. Ate supper.
10:00. Read November Atlantic Monthly.
12;00. To bed.

SATURDAY.

9:00. Wrote sermon for Southerner.
11:00. Called on sick lady.
12:00. Gave out tracts on street.
5:00. Went to Runnymede with Dr. Philips to see two sick ladies.
8:00. Prepared sermons and Bible Class lesson.
12:00. To bed.

SUNDAY.

6:30. Holy Communion. All the Brotherhood present.
9:45. Men's Bible Class. Ecclesiastes, XII. Thirty-one present.
10:30. Got men to go after sick man at hospital and roll him to church in chair.
11:00. Morning Prayer. Unusually large congregation. "The Church and Public Health"
12:30. Called on sick lady and had prayers.
1:00. Baptized dying colored woman.
1:30. Had prayers with two sick ladies.
2:30. Went to Fountain Mills and preached. "The second coming of Christ."
7:30. Evening Prayer. "St. Andrew." Fifteen men and ten boys publicly renewed their vows of Prayer and Service.

TWO YEARS OLD.

THE CHRISTIAN WORKER is now just two years old. We have tried to make it interesting both for the people of Calvary Parish and for those at a distance, and yet we have tried in so doing not to say anything but the absolute truth in Christ so far as we know it. We have been obliged to get it out in spite of tremendous stress of other duties here in Tarboro, and during prolonged absences from home in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Alabama, and Asheville. Its shortcomings therefore, while mainly due to our natural limitations, is also partly due to the passionate hurry in which every line of it has of necessity been written. It is a tiny little magazine, but unless you have tried it, you can

hardly imagine what a lot of never ending thinking and writing we must do to get it out every month. Inasmuch as our only motive is to do good with it, we beg your continued interest and support.

You may help us in these ways:

1. Do not get mad when we send you notice of subscription due, but pay up. Several have written us quite impatient letters because we dunned them, for which we are very sorry.

2. Read everything in your copy whether it interests you or not. Perhaps you may find some truth hidden in a mass of chaff that will do you good, which is our hope and prayer.

3. Give your copy to somebody else when you are through with it.

4 Trade with our advertisers.

5. Get somebody else to subscribe.

THE REV. ALBERT STEVENS.

The news has just reached me that the Rev. Albert Stevens, of Coaticook, Canada, is dead. He was one of the gentlest and purest of Christian men. Mr. Trott of Durham and I met him first on the steamship Arabic going to the Holy Land, and were constantly with him till he left us in England three months later. He and I went ashore at Naples one night and undertook to find a friend of his from Canada who was staying in a remote part of the city. Of course we got lost in a short while, and had all sorts of startling adventures. At last, while we were desperately trying to make ourselves understood by a crowd of natives who knew no English, a gentleman from Rochester, New York, stepped up out of the darkness, offered his services, went with us to our destination, and vanished into the darkness again.

In London we went with him to the boarding-place of a Canadian friend of his, and spent two weeks there most delightfully. It happens that I have a picture of him and me taken in London. The building just to our right is St. Margaret's, the venerable Church that stands beside Westminster Abbey, and behind us appears the House of Parliament. It was a joy and privilege to have known so good a man.

THE SPHINX.

This statue is the great Sphinx of Egypt, and the man merely one of the many millions who have passed before her face during these four thousand, eight hundred years.

She was made by command of a king named Khafre who was the son of another king named Khufu. This Khufu built the hugest structure ever erected by man from the beginning until now. He piled up stones regularly and beautifully till he completed a pyramid whose base covers fourteen acres of ground and whose point towers five hundred feet in air. There is no calculating how many hundreds of thousands of men toiled for how many weary years to build that useless pile. A few yards from the base of Khufu's pyramid lay a great irregular mass of solid stone. This natural rock formation Khufu's son. Khafre, worked into an object as wonderful in its way as his father's pyramid. He carved a huge head out of it with a lion's body beneath so large that between its paws there was room for a good sized temple. As a matter of fact the head was not intended for a woman's at all, but was simply a portrait of Khafre himself, and the lion's body represented the great king's power. After fourteen hundred years people forgot what it meant, and thought it an image of the Sun-god. The Pharaoh Thutmose IV. living 1400 B. C. went to sleep between the lion's paws and had a vision of the god whose statue he imagined rose above him, which he recorded on a great stone still set in the lion's breast. Then in yet later Greek times the face was thought to be that of the fabled Sphinx, brooding over the eternal mystery of the universe.

So King Khafre's image stands, defying the effacing hand of time, gazing out over the desert sands. Before its stony face what a long human stream has flowed! And what a stupendous age it owns! It was old when Joseph and his brethren saw it. Moses doubtless looked on it and wondered what ancient race had raised it to what forgotten god. As I stood there in its shadow, I tried to picture some of those whose lives brought them into that stony gaze. Alexander and his phalanxes passed in review, and then the mighty Julius. Cleopatra must often have glanced at it as she was rowed up the Nile only a short distance to the East. Very possibly that Blessed Mother of Galilee with her husband and her Son, fleeing

from the wicked Herod, passed it on their way. Napoleon fought a battle in sight of it and held its land for a brief space—and then at last, heir of all the ages, I saw two years ago a redcoated English soldier sitting calmly on its back smoking a pipe.

ST. ANDREW'S EVE.

At Evening Prayer on Sunday, November 29th, the members of the Senior and Junior Chapters of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew publicly renewed their pledge of prayer and service. After the sermon the first two verses of St. Andrew's Hymn were sung during which the members came forward to the chancel rail. Then all together they pledged themselves anew to pray daily for the spread of Christ's Kingdom among men and boys and to make an earnest effort each week to bring some man or boy nearer to Christ through His Church.

The men were S. S. Nash, J. W Forbes, C. F. Clayton, J. C. Horne, Frank Hart, Almon Hart, E. H. Lewis, Jonas Curry, Ed Pennington, Newet Webb, Norman Taylor, J. B. Pennington, A. W. Taylor, Charles Bowers, J. A. Weddell, Jr., and the boys were James Ricks, J. Allen Horne, Frank Holland, Clyde Holland, Irwin Johnson, Edwin Ricks, Frank Martin, Charles Clayton, Durward Leggett, Tom Leggett, Dockery Teele.

There are four ways in which one may be God's instrument in bringing others to Christ.

1. By the example of a true Christian life. 2. By faithfully performing his formal Church duties, e. g. teaching in Sunday School, singing in the choir, serving on the vestry, working in a guild, acting as lay reader, etc. 3. By praying for the conversion of sinful men. 4. By personally talking to those who are not Christians about their souls and urging them lovingly to come to Christ. God expects every child of His to work in all these ways, according to the ability and opportunity of each, to bring souls to him. A true Christian cannot help doing his part towards bringing others to Christ. When St. Andrew, the first Christian, went and got his brother Peter and brought him to Christ, he obeyed an impulse which has moved the hearts of all Christians since. Foremost among the joys of the Christian life I would place the assurance of sins forgiven, the realization of answered prayers, and the knowledge that God is using us to lead others home; and the last is the holiest, sweetest one of all.

A man from a long ways out in the country had lain sick in the hospital six weeks, not leaving the building once. Sunday Nov. 29th, being a mild, sunshiny day, it was decided that he might be wheeled out of doors in a roller-chair if he could get anyone to do him that service, and knew of any place to which he cared to go. Two Brotherhood men found it out, and brought him to church. It was a touching sight to see them performing that loving task, which gave such pleasure and peace to a lonely sufferer. It might be taken as a symbol of all true Christian work, the loving guidance and help of a soul crushed and wounded and unable to walk alone by those strong and able until he finds rest and peace and life in the Church of God.

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